The Beaver

SPRING 1969

This year *The Beaver* enters its fiftieth year of publication. Begun as a staff magazine, interest in its subject matter and its illustrations was such that people across the country were soon asking for copies. Gradually its staff aspect was dropped (to be replaced by other publications) and contributions from eminent writers, artists, and photographers were purchased, and it became a national magazine on sale to the public. As merchants in the north, the centuries-old experience of the Hudson's Bay Company is greater than that of any other organization, but the people of the Company have always been concerned with more than trading and it is this broader interest that *The Beaver* represents.

Because of its historical associations and its interest in the development of this country and its people, which it wishes to share with others, the Company has subsidized its "Magazine of the North" but, regrettably, the time has come when the subscription price must be increased, despite the subsidy. Costs of contributions, paper, printing, and mailing have all risen sharply over the past years and we must therefore charge subscribers $3 a year, or $8 for one three-year subscription, and 75 cents for single copies. By way of compensation, there will be a few more pages and more illustrations in colour. The usual high standards in content and production will be maintained. That this quality is appreciated not only by our readers, but internationally, is proved by the Certificate of Merit received eight years ago from the Canadian Historical Association, and by the Award of Merit, reproduced below, received this year from the American Association for State and Local History "for high literary and scholarly standards in publishing on the history of the northern frontier of North America."

The American Association for State and Local History

by a vote of its Committee on Awards presents an

AWARD OF MERIT

to

The Beaver Magazine

for an outstanding contribution to local history. In testimony whereof witness our hands and the seal of the Association this twenty-seventh day of September, Nineteen Hundred and Sixty-eight

Russell H. Fridley
President

Alexander J. Wall
Chairman, Committee on Awards

The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

Editor: Malvina Bolus

SPRING 1969
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Lorne Smith examines an inukshuk at Enukso Point (see page 16). Photo by Lorne Smith.

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Nicholas Leate, prominent London merchant and patron of the arts, was a sponsor of Hudson's voyage of 1610 and an incorporator of the Company of Merchants Discoverers of the North-West Passage in 1612.

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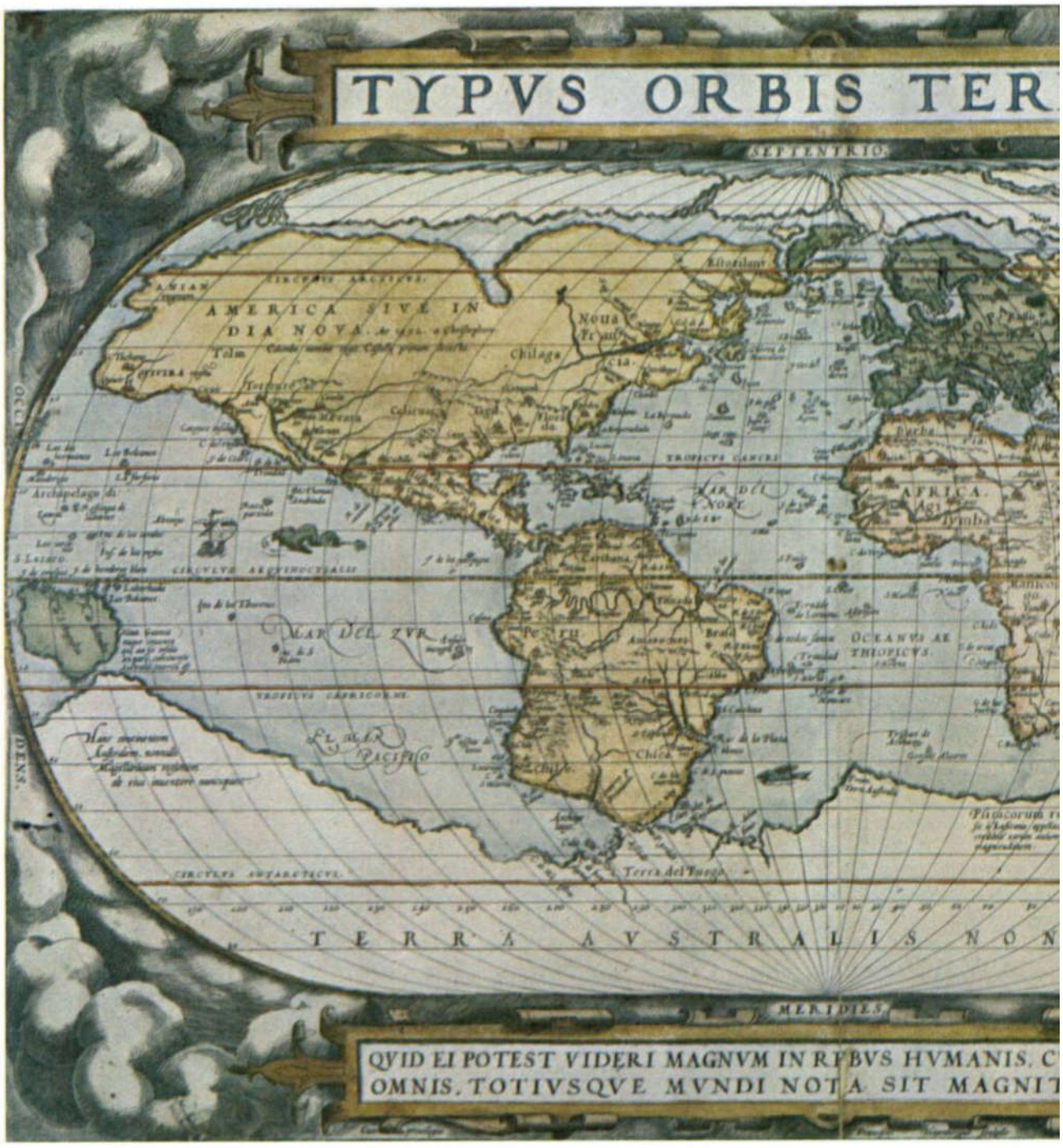
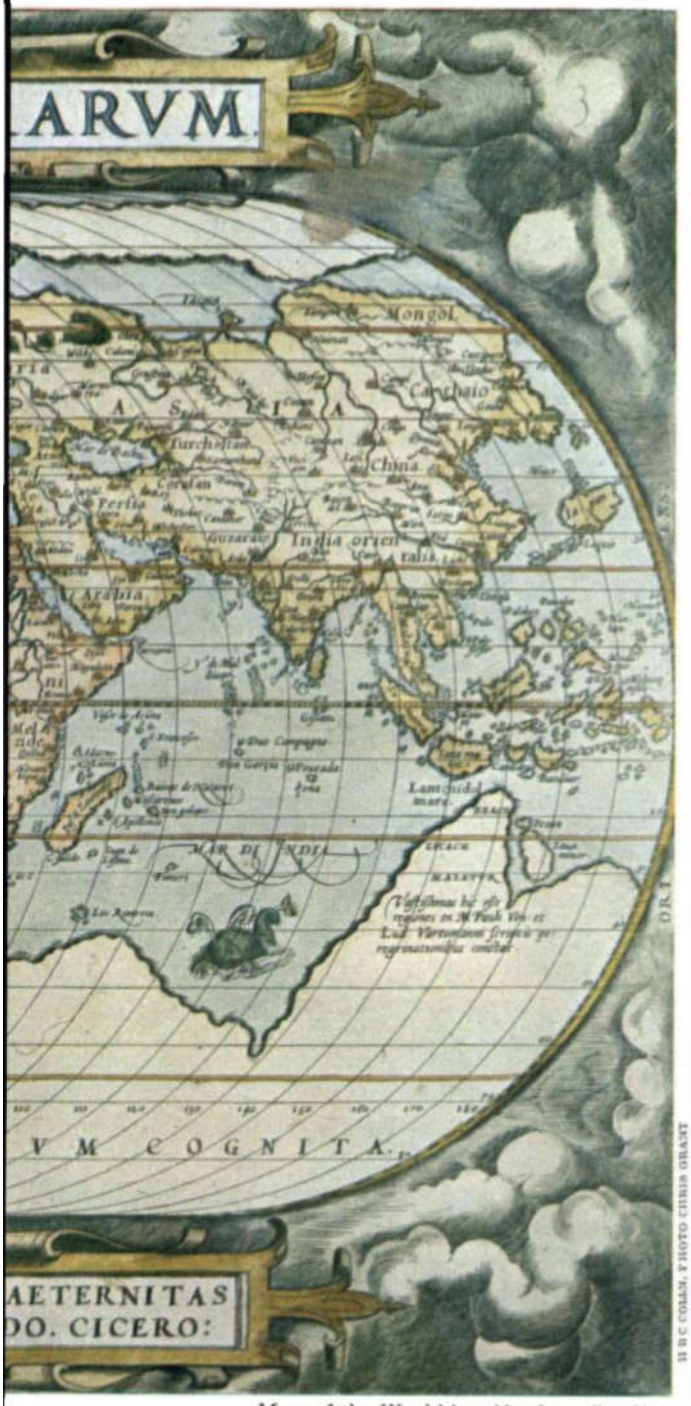


The Sponsors of Canadian Arctic Exploration

BY JOHN E. CASWELL



Map of the World by Abraham Ortelius printed in 1570 at Antwerp.

The author is Professor of History at Stanislaus State College, California. Mr Caswell became interested in the Arctic while living in Alaska and is the author of "Arctic Frontiers: U.S. Explorations in the Far North". He is currently working on British scientific expeditions in the late 18th and 19th centuries and while on a year's sabbatical he did extensive research in Europe on this subject and the arctic explorations about which he writes here in a four-part article.

PART I - 1508 to 1632

THE COMPANIES OF ADVENTURERS

Almost three centuries were needed to outline the Canadian Arctic with fair accuracy. These centuries have a historical unity based on the continuing belief in a Northwest Passage which would give its possessor a short and sheltered route to China and the Indies, at the same time affording that nation a strategic advantage in the Pacific at large.

Enthusiasm for discovery of the Passage flamed, died to an ember, then flamed again and again. Behind the successive generations of Canadian Arctic explorers in their ice-menaced vessels, their wave-tossed boats, or dragging their heavy sledges, were men at home who supplied the funds and often the organizing skill necessary to send out the expeditions. The major element of continuity in the story lies in these individuals and groups, who often backed a series of voyages in the hope of reaping long-term benefits. Some of the sponsors were as colourful as any of the explorers, although in the group portrait offered here their individuality can only be suggested.

We may perhaps be permitted a fairly loose definition of "Arctic," allowing it to cover Hudson Bay and its borders, the territory to the north and northeast, and the territory north of the Arctic Circle to the west of the Bay.

The history of the Canadian Arctic, as thus defined, opens some time around the beginning of the sixteenth century, probably 1508-09, with an "early" discovery of Hudson Bay. Sebastian Cabot said he had taken two vessels to the north of "Terra de Labrador" in 67½° N Latitude and had sailed through a strait to the point where it opened to the southward. He was seeking Asia and claimed he would have reached it, had his crew not mutinied. Henry VII and Cabot himself have been credited with financing the expedition; it is more likely that they and the Bristol merchants all had a share.

Henry VIII, who succeeded his father in 1509, did not share Henry VII's interest in mercantile expansion, and exploration lapsed.

In Edward VI's reign, members of his Council invited Cabot to return from Spain, where he had been since 1512, and advise them on developing new trades. From this arose Willoughby's and Chancellor's efforts to find Asia by the Northeast Passage. The discovery of an arctic route to Archangel led to the formation of the Muscovy Company to trade with Russia, with Cabot as first governor. To this Company was granted the privilege of exploring to the northeast, the north and the northwest. The Muscovy trade soon became profitable enough that the Company felt no need to undertake further exploration. Resolved that no one else should undertake exploration, the Company repeatedly opposed proposals to seek the Northwest Passage.

Queen Elizabeth supported Frobisher's northwest voyages with money and loan of a ship.

Only on 30 May 1565 did Anthony Jenkinson take the initiative against the Muscovy Company's monopoly by petitioning Queen Elizabeth for the privilege of leading another attempt to discover the North*east* Passage to China. Humphrey Gilbert, whose interests lay to the west, pointed out at Court that Ortelius' world map of 1564 showed a northern peninsula jutting from the Siberian coast which would check northeastern voyages. Some time in the winter of 1565-66 Jenkinson and Gilbert debated the merits of the northeastern and northwestern routes before Queen Elizabeth and her Privy Council. Gilbert based his arguments favourable to the Northwest Passage on Ortelius' map showing a "Strait of the Three Brothers" in the approximate location of Hudson Strait, leading westward toward the Pacific. Elizabeth's courtiers were familiar with the idea, however, for a chart of Cabot's showing the "Northwest Passage" was hanging on the wall at Whitehall Palace.

After the debate, Gilbert drafted a "Discourse," summarizing his arguments, and made a sketch map. Here the matter seems to have rested for almost another decade. Then a new group of sponsors was formed, several of whom had been reflecting on the matter independently for some years.

FROBISHER'S THREE VOYAGES

Martin Frobisher was a ship's captain who had found piracy more profitable than commerce. By 1563, it is said, "his name was as well known to Philip of Spain and as well hated as that of Hawkins himself." Frobisher claimed his plans had been maturing for ten to fifteen years when he turned in 1574 to the Muscovy Company, requesting that it sponsor a northwestern expedition. Failing in the direct approach, he obtained a letter from the Privy Council to the Muscovy Company "exhorting them to again attempt the discovery to Cathay, 20 years having passed since their first enterprise, or else to grant their license to others . . ." Frobisher was invited to meet a committee of the Company. One of the committee members, the substantial London merchant, Michael Lok, urged a favourable response.

Lok, who became Frobisher's principal sponsor, had followed the trades of seaman and merchant for 32 years. For the first fifteen, he had travelled widely across all Western Europe; for three years he had been captain of a thousand-ton ship sailing to the Levant, meanwhile learning all he could of the Portuguese route to India. Renewing his old acquaintances with Frobisher, he was impressed and declared Frobisher a fit captain for a voyage to Cathay, "to thintent the whole world might be opened unto England which hitherto hath byn hydden from yt by the slowthfulness of some and policy of others."

Despite Lok's backing, the Muscovy Company rejected Frobisher's request. Frobisher, however, had powerful friends at Court. Soon another letter came from the Privy Council saying that if the Muscovy Company would neither attempt the investigation nor license others, the Privy Council would grant licences to Lok, Frobisher, "and such others as would be venturers" with them to explore the northwest.

With the Muscovy Company's licence in hand, Lok and Frobisher set to work. The timely publication of Humphrey Gilbert's decade-old "Discourse" publicized the arguments favourable to a Northwest Passage advanced in his debate with Jenkinson.

The mathematician, Dr John Dee, was approached to instruct Frobisher and his senior officers in geography, cosmography, and the use of navigating instruments. Wanting more information on the project, Dee turned to Lok, who brought together at his home the three seamen, Stephen Borough, Frobisher, and Christopher Hall. Lok told of his hopes of the East Indies trade and laid out his own charts and documents.

A large share of the £875 subscribed came from Elizabeth and her courtiers, rather than from the merchants of London. Should Frobisher succeed in finding a Northwest Passage, England's seadogs could smite at will Spain's galleons, laden with silver from Lima and gold from Manila. Drake was to do so in 1577-80, but only after a long Atlantic voyage, exposed to Spanish warships and Cape Horn's storms. Principal Secretary of State Walsingham and the Earl of Leicester, leaders of the anti-Spanish party, evidently had grand strategy in mind in supporting Frobisher. And Leicester's brother, the Earl of Warwick, is credited with securing the Queen's goodwill and financial support for Frobisher.

Even in a day of small vessels and rude equipment, proper outfitting of an expedition was a matter of

infinite care. A detailed inventory of Frobisher's supplies and equipment survives. There were navigating instruments, maps, charts, and books of voyages in several languages. A "bottell of aquavite" and a "Ducke upholster for beddinge for Mr. Captayne Frobisher" helped to keep the commander warm. The health of the crew was considered in ordering "v tonnes of beare at 42s" and a list of forty drugs. A "great kettle pan brasse with yron ball . . . a bakinge pan of yron with cover" and "a payre of pottes hokes" were among the cooking utensils. The recapitulation followed:

Summe of all the said charges of furnyture of the said shippes outwardes costs as followithe:—

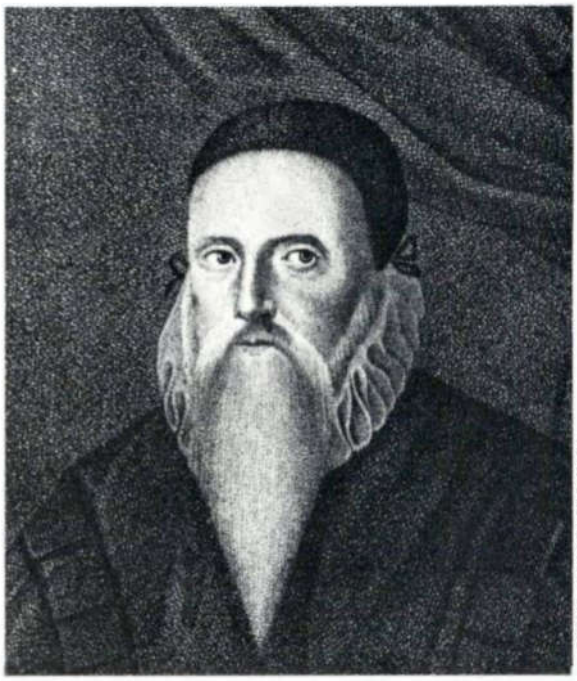
For implements howshold	8	11	0
For wages of men	213	17	0
For instrumentes of navigatione	50	14	0
For vyttelles	387	14	10
For ordonans munition	100	8	4
For tackelinge of shippes	172	5	6
For byldinge the shippe *Gabriel* & the pynace (new)	152	0	4
For the shippe *Mickael* with furnitur of her bought	120	0	0
Summe outwardes of shipping	£1205	11	8 [sic]

By early June 1576, the expedition was ready with its two ships and pinnace. The Queen was at her palace of Greenwich. Dropping down the Thames, the ships fired a salute in passing. "Her Majestie beholding the same, commended it, and bade us farewell, with shaking her hand at us out of the window."

On the coast of Baffin Island an opening westward was found, which was long known as Frobisher's Strait. Only after 1861 was it given the designation of Frobisher Sound (now Frobisher Bay).

A heavy black rock was among various trifles picked up in Frobisher Sound. On his return, Frobisher handed this rock to Lok, "sayenge, that accordynge to his promesse, he dyd give me the fyrst thynge that he found in the newland . . . " Lok's wife chanced to throw it in the fire. " . . . at the length being taken forth and quenched in a little vinegre, it glistered with a bright Marquesset of golde." Lok now took it to the assayer at the Royal Mint in the Tower and to two others, all of whom reported they could find no metal. Finally he took a sample to John Baptista Agnello, an alchemist, who returned with powdered gold, and asked for a larger piece of stone. Agnello twice repeated the charade—if game it was—and finally wormed out of Lok the source of the rock. Lok now communicated Agnello's report to the Queen, who sent Walsingham to talk to Lok. On learning who the assayer was, Walsingham "answered me, that he dyd thynk it to be but an alchemist matter . . . with trewethe." Nonetheless Walsingham took away samples of the rock. Two assayers found a little silver; others found nothing, and Walsingham repeated to Lok "that Baptista dyd but play the alchemist with me."

Lok continued negotiating with Agnello and consulting with Walsingham. Agnello at first offered to buy ore at



PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA

The learned Dr John Dee, mathematician and astrologer, gave Frobisher and his officers scientific advice.

£20 a ton delivered, then raised the offer to £30 a ton backed with his bond. Lok now proposed a voyage to bring back 300 tons of ore, for which he estimated subscribers' costs at £10 a ton for Her Majesty's licence and £10 for profit. Lok finally signed a contract with Agnello in March 1577. Up to late that month Frobisher knew nothing of the matter!

By this time a number of gentlemen were in on the secret, and the Privy Council hastened to equip ships and forestall possible efforts by rival courts. The Queen now granted a charter to those who had been venturers on Frobisher's first voyage, creating them the "Companye of Kathai," with the privilege of discovery and commerce to the north, south and west of England, thus leaving the Muscovy Company to explore only the northeast where it was active. Lok was appointed Governor of the Company and Frobisher "High Admyrall of all seas and waters, countryes and places of new dyscovery."

For the first expedition, Lok had advanced almost as much again as the £875 raised by subscription. On selling the ships and equipment, enough had been realized to pay his advance and to have £200 of the original venture capital remaining on hand. The subscription list for the second voyage was much longer than for the first, with increasing numbers of courtiers and merchants taking shares. There are certain discrepancies between lists, but it appears that Queen Elizabeth subscribed £1,000 and provided a ship, while various members of the Privy Council subscribed as little as £50 each, despite a nominal share price of £100. Mr Secretary Walsingham pledged £200, but months later had not paid up. Sir Thomas

HBC COLLN. PHOTOS CHRIS GRANT

Above: Detail from the map of America by Jodocus Hondius in 1590 showing Davis Strait and dart-throwing Greenlander in kayak.

John Speed's map of America of 1626 has an inset of "the Northernely part . . . within wch. the North pole is included" showing Greenland and Baffins Bay and is bordered with drawings of native people such as the Greenlandian at left.

Gresham, founder of Gresham College and head of the Royal Exchange, likewise pledged £200, while Lok initially subscribed £300, later raising it to £1,000.

Shortly after subscriptions were in for the second voyage, a levy was made on the subscribers to build a mill and smelter on the Thames. Before it could be put into operation, fifteen ships were sent out on a third voyage, Then it was discovered that the metal obtained from the ore would barely pay smelting costs. The company failed, and Michael Lok was declared bankrupt and imprisoned for debt.

The Frobisher Expeditions in many ways illustrate the typical pattern of support for exploration of the Canadian North. First comes the enthusiast; next come the sponsoring merchants and Court or Admiralty; some new area of the North is charted; possibly a new resource of whale oil or fur is opened up; and finally the Northwest Passage still lies undiscovered amidst the arctic islands.

THE DAVIS VOYAGES

On 23 January 1584 Dee and Adrian Gilbert, brother of Humphrey and half brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, were at Dee's home when Mr Secretary Walsingham was announced and "talk was begonne of North-west Straights discovery." Next day it was continued at the home of Mr Beale, with John Davis also present. Davis was one of the new mathematical navigators and had grown up in Devon as a neighbour of the Gilberts and Raleigh. From what we know of the men, their motives were varied. Dee was interested in the esoteric wisdom of the East. To Davis, the possibilities of trade with the Indies may well have loomed large. To Gilbert, it is possible that new colonies or the capture of the Manila galleon were the exciting prospects. Walsingham by now was interested in trade and colonies on the North American shore, as well as in attacking the Spanish rear.

On 6 March, Davis and Gilbert appeared before officials of the Muscovy Company but failed to gain their licence. Among the officials was Thomas Hudson, reputedly the uncle of Henry Hudson, the future explorer. It has been suggested that the lad Henry may have been present and absorbed something of Davis' and Gilbert's enthusiasm.

At Court, Gilbert's half-brother, Walter Raleigh, added his influence to that of Walsingham. In February 1585 the Queen granted to Adrian Gilbert, Davis and Raleigh (who replaced Dee) a patent in the name of "The colleagues of the Fellowship for the Discovery of the North-West Passage."

Walsingham and Raleigh also helped to enlist aid from merchants, principal of whom was Master William Sanderson, husband of Raleigh's niece. Sanderson advanced the largest share of the funds, superintended the preparations, and sent John James, his nephew, along as supercargo.

Davis sailed from Dartmouth on 7 June 1585 with the ships *Sunshine* (50 tons) and *Moonshine* (35 tons). He returned to Dartmouth on 30 September, enthusiastic at having penetrated Davis Strait and Cumberland Sound. Said he, "The North-West Passage is a matter of nothing doubtful, but at any tyme almost to be passed, the sea navigable, voyd of yse, and ayre tolerable, and the waters very depe."

The adventurers were induced to undertake a second expedition. The merchants of Devonshire, the boyhood home of Davis and Gilbert, came through handsomely, Exeter contributing £475 and Totnes £375 out of a total of £1,175.

Two additional vessels were being sent out in 1586, the *Mermaid* (120 tons) probably being owned, like the *Sunshine*, by Exeter merchants. There was also a pinnace, the *North Star* (10 tons). The *Mermaid* was sent home early, and the pinnace was lost; but in his original vessel Davis explored much new coastline and saw several wide openings to the west, one of which might indeed be the Northwest Passage. Part of the costs of the voyage were met by a cargo of codfish, 500 sealskins and 140 half-skins (sic) which had been collected on the coast.

Sanderson again took the lead in financing the expedition of 1587. Three vessels, including a 20-ton pinnace, the *Ellen*, were sent out and equipped for fishing in order to help with the costs. This led to conflict with the crews, who wanted the profits of fishing rather than the fame of exploring. Davis reached 72°12′ in Baffin Bay, where he appropriately named a small but lofty island "Sanderson his Hope." On the way south in the pinnace, Davis explored the west coast of Davis Strait and saw "a furious overfall" in 60°N—the tide ebbing in Hudson Strait. The other vessels had been fishing and ignored the rendezvous in Labrador; it is a wonder that Davis managed to bring the leaky little *Ellen* home.

Davis' three expeditions, all modest compared with the third expedition of Frobisher, had extended knowledge of the waterway separating Greenland from North America by approximately ten degrees. Influence at Court had once more broken the monopoly of the Muscovy Company. Indications of a Northwest Passage were encouraging, and Davis in 1595 published his *Worlds Hydrographical Description*, which point by point rebutted the arguments against pursuing arctic discovery.

THE MERCHANTS DISCOVERERS OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

In the fifteen years from Davis' last Canadian Arctic voyage in 1587 to George Waymouth's in 1602, the Spanish Armada had been defeated and Portugal's century-long grasp on the sea route to the Indies had been broken. A new group of sponsors of Canadian Arctic expeditions arose whose sole motive was to find a faster and safer route to the Spice Islands, the gold of the Philippines, and the silks and porcelains of China. Many of them were investors in the English East India Company which had been founded in 1600, who had a common motive in finding a speedier and safer route to the Far East. Hudson's last voyage led to their being chartered as the Merchants Discoverers of the North-West Passage.

The three leaders in promoting the new series of voyages were Sir Thomas Smith, Sir John Wolstenholme, Sr, and Sir Dudley Digges. Smith was a leading figure in the merchant community. He was a charter member and first governor of the East India Company. From 1609 to 1620 he was treasurer of the Virginia Company and during this time had built the largest merchant vessel constructed up to that time in England.

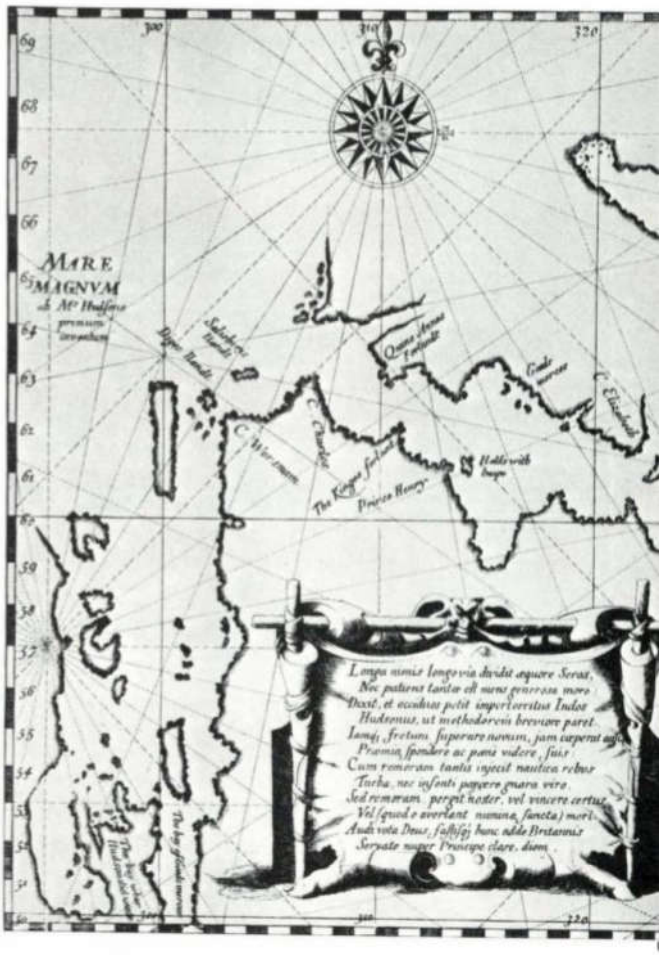
Wolstenholme had risen quickly to become one of London's richest merchants. He was involved with Smith in several enterprises, being likewise an incorporator of the East India Company and on the Council of the Virginia Company. As Farmer of the Customs, he had standing both in the banking community and at Court.

The third leading sponsor, Sir Dudley Digges, came from a professional rather than a mercantile family and had been educated at Oxford. He was later to be sent on missions to Russia and to The Hague before entering Parliament and affiliating himself with the Puritan party. Such men as these three were knowledgeable men of affairs, not lordly gamblers.

The first explorer with whom members of this group concerned themselves was George Waymouth (or Weymouth). He sent a letter to the East India Company suggesting a search for the Northwest Passage as a route to the East Indies. The letter was presented to the General Court of the East India Company on 24 July 1601, and approved. Plans were well advanced before it was realized that the Muscovy Company might "claim the interest." When consulted, the Muscovy Company again refused to undertake exploration or grant others a licence until compelled to by the Privy Council. The best evidence seems to be that the East India Company

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

Sir Dudley Digges sponsored Hudson and was a founder of the North-West Passage Company chartered in 1612.



alone sent out Waymouth. Leaving England on 2 May 1602, with two small flyboats, Waymouth crossed the Atlantic and sailed 30 leagues into what was presumably Hudson Strait.

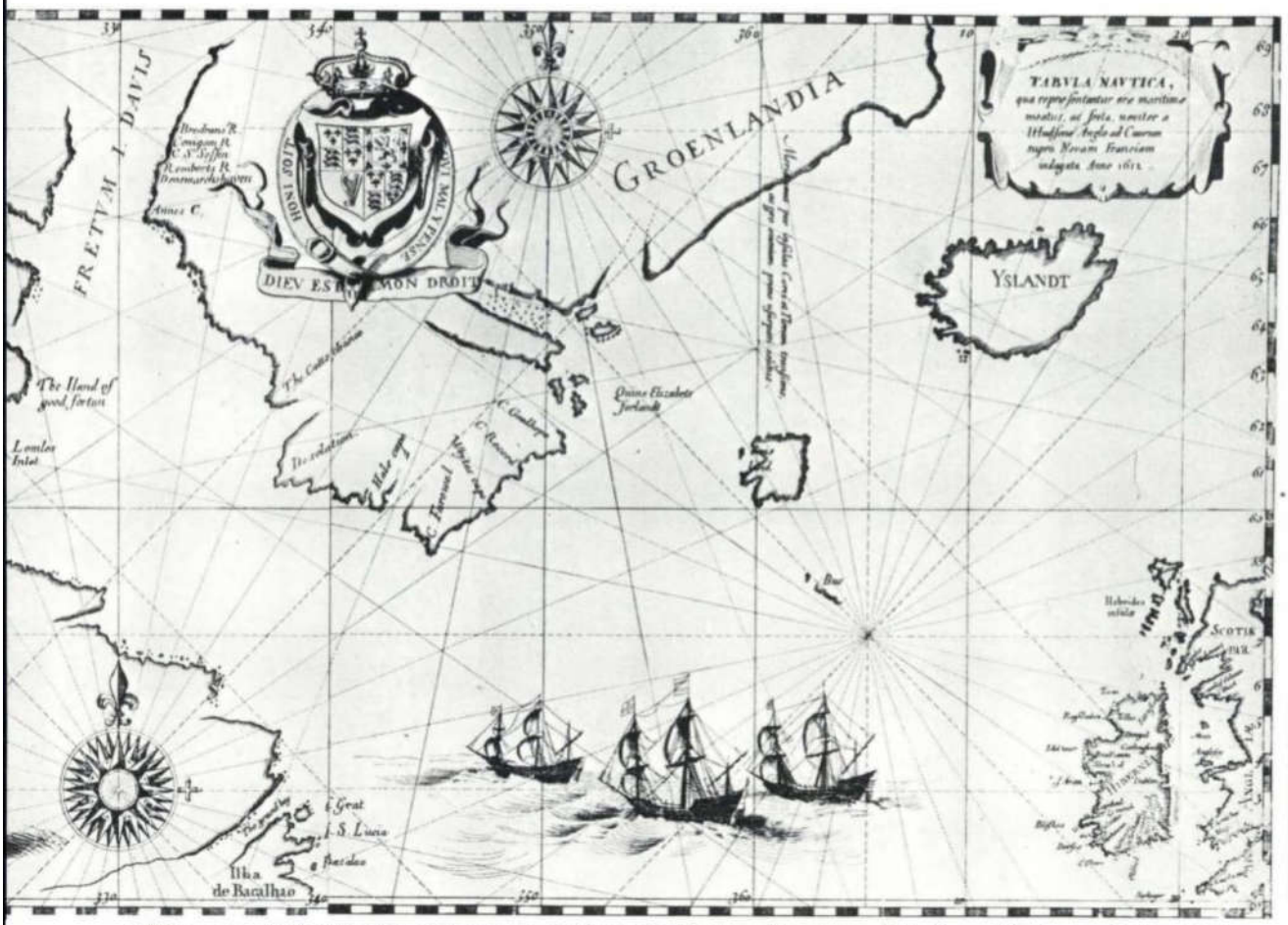
Four years later, in 1606, John Knight was sent to seek the Northwest Passage in the *Hopewell* of 40 tons, "well victualled and manned at the cost of the Worshipfull Companies of Moscovie, and the East India Merchants . . . " Smith and Wolstenholme are credited with being the principals in sending Knight out. Knight's vessel was damaged, and, on beaching it for repair, he and three others were killed by Eskimos. The rest of the crew brought the vessel home.

The Muscovy Company now sent Henry Hudson on two voyages seeking passage by the northeast. On his return from a third voyage, undertaken for the Dutch East India Company, he stopped in England and was barred from returning to Holland. He was then chosen for a new voyage in the footsteps of Davis, using Waymouth's vessel, the *Discovery*.

Hudson had a notable list of sponsors. Among the high courtiers of King James were the Earl of Northampton, Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal; the Earl of Nottingham, Admiral of England; and the Earls of Suffolk, Southampton, and Salisbury. There were thirteen merchants, including Sir Thomas Smith, John Wolstenholme, and others prominent in the new East India Company; Alderman Francis Jones; and the scholarly Sir Dudley Digges. The East India Company contributed £300, and the Muscovy Company presumably an equal amount.

Hudson sailed through "his" strait, reached the southern part of Hudson Bay, and wintered there. Mutineers seized Hudson, his son, and seven crew members, set them adrift in a small boat, then returned to England. Hudson's chart and the crew's report on this great bay produced a prompt response from Hudson's sponsors. The year after the crew's return Thomas Button (with Bylot, who had been in Hudson's ship as navigator) was dispatched with two vessels to Hudson Bay, where he spent the winter of 1612-13 on the Nelson River.

The sponsors of Hudson's and Button's expeditions now became the nucleus of the Company of Merchants Discoverers of the North-West Passage, to whom James I granted a charter on 26 July 1612. Henry, Prince of Wales, was named the Supreme Protector, as royal patron of commercial expansion. New names included the Archbishop of Canterbury, two Cavendishes, Sir Francis Bacon (currently Solicitor General), a Cornwallis, several members of the Wolstenholme and Digges families, Henry Briggs the mathematician, Richard Hakluyt the geographer, and Abacuck Prickett the chronicler of the Hudson voyage. Twenty-three noble lords were listed, 37 knights, one lady, and 227 who were merchants or gentry.



PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA

This map published by Hessel Gerritz in 1612 depicts Hudson Bay, into which Henry Hudson sailed in 1610.

Many of the merchants' names were among the 216 on the East India Company's charter of 31 December 1600. The Discoverers were a more distinguished group, for only one name on the East India charter was above the rank of knight. Should this new company indeed open a short, protected route to China and the East Indies, greater fortunes might be made than in the East India Company.

In 1613 the newly chartered Company of Merchants Discoverers sent out Captain Gibbons. On approaching Hudson Strait he was carried south in an ice field, escaped to a bay (probably Nain) on the coast of Labrador, and after being long detained, made his way back to England.

In 1615 the Merchants Discoverers sent out Thomas Bylot in command of the *Discovery*, with William Baffin as pilot. Baffin kept the logbooks and wrote the history of the expedition. Southampton Island in Hudson Bay was reached before the vessel was stopped by ice. The following year the same two men took the ship north of Davis Strait into unknown waters, passed through a bay which was named after Baffin, and reached Whale Sound and Smith Sound, the latter being named after

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

Influential Sir Thomas Smith, prominent London merchant, was a supporter of Hudson's expedition.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

Sir Thomas Roe, parliamentarian and distinguished diplomat, helped promote the voyages of Foxe and James.

the Governor of the Merchants Discoverers. After the second Bylot-Baffin voyage failed to reach the South Sea, the Company of Merchants Discoverers ceased its activities.

As the Rev. Samuel Purchas published Baffin's Journal without his tables, Baffin Bay appeared correctly delineated on only a few maps. Geographers and cartographers long treated Baffin Bay as half-legendary. It disappeared entirely from many maps and only reappeared after 1818.

When others wearied, John Wolstenholme, Sr, kept on. He was the leading promoter of Captain Hawkridge's expedition of 1619. On his appearance before the Court of the East India Company he asked for funds to explore Hudson Strait in the hope that it might turn out to be the Passage. He was voted £200, one-tenth of his estimated cost. Hawkridge entered Hudson Strait, sailing as far as Salisbury Island, but made no new contribution to geography.

In the same year that Hawkridge sailed a Dane established the first post on the Churchill River, Jens Munk, one of Denmark's most experienced seamen, held an interest in the new Danish East India Company (founded in 1616), as did King Christian IV. A Northwest Passage would benefit Danish commerce as much as English, so Munk sailed at the King's orders, and probably largely at his expense. He entered Hudson Bay with two vessels and set up winter quarters at the mouth of the Churchill. But scurvy soon set in, and by spring only Munk and two of his crewmen were alive. They managed to struggle back to Denmark in the smaller vessel. It was a voyage the Danes did not repeat.

A dozen years elapsed before England renewed her efforts. Again Sir John Wolstenholme, Sr, was one of the moving spirits, although Captain Luke Foxe originated the expedition. Foxe's desire to explore the Arctic was one of long standing, for he had applied vainly to sail with John Knight in 1606. A habitué of a globemaker's shop, he there met the mathematician Henry Briggs. Briggs was professor of astronomy at Oxford, promoter of logarithms, and, of particular significance in the present connection, the author of a "Treatise on the North-West Passage to the South Sea, through the Continent of Virginia, and by Fretum Hudson" (1622).

Foxe, Briggs and Sir John Brooke drew up a petition to Charles I in December 1629 or shortly thereafter requesting that a ship be loaned them for a voyage of exploration. This was sent to Sir Thomas Button for review. Button looked over his old journals and notes and replied to Secretary of the Privy Council, Lord Dorchester, that he had long believed that such a passage by Hudson Strait was feasible, "beinge undertaken in a fittinge way and a dewe season," but the passage would be found the first year or not at all.

The petition was finally granted and the pinnace *Charles* (70 tons) made available by the Crown. By that time it was too late in the season to make ready, and on July 2 the Privy Council granted Foxe's prayer that he retain the *Charles* until the following year.

Meanwhile in Bristol a Welshman, Captain Thomas James, had turned to the merchants of that city to support an expedition in search of the Northwest Passage. James, said a contemporary, was "a man of great learning and experienced in navigation, as well as in the Mathematical Science." A man of many parts, he was a barrister belonging to the Inner Temple, and in 1628 he had commanded a privateer. It may be supposed that rivalry between the merchants of London and Bristol stimulated his activities at this time. James speaks of his sponsors as being "some of the better-minded merchants" of Bristol. Documents repeatedly refer to the sponsors as the Company of Merchants Adventurers of that port acting as a body, rather than a certain portion forming a separate adventure.

Sir Thomas Roe, formerly ambassador to the Great Mogul, and newly returned from his embassy to Sweden, probably proposed that Charles I appoint the elder Sir John Wolstenholme and himself to expedite the Foxe expedition with the assistance of Trinity House, and to make the younger Sir John Wolstenholme treasurer.

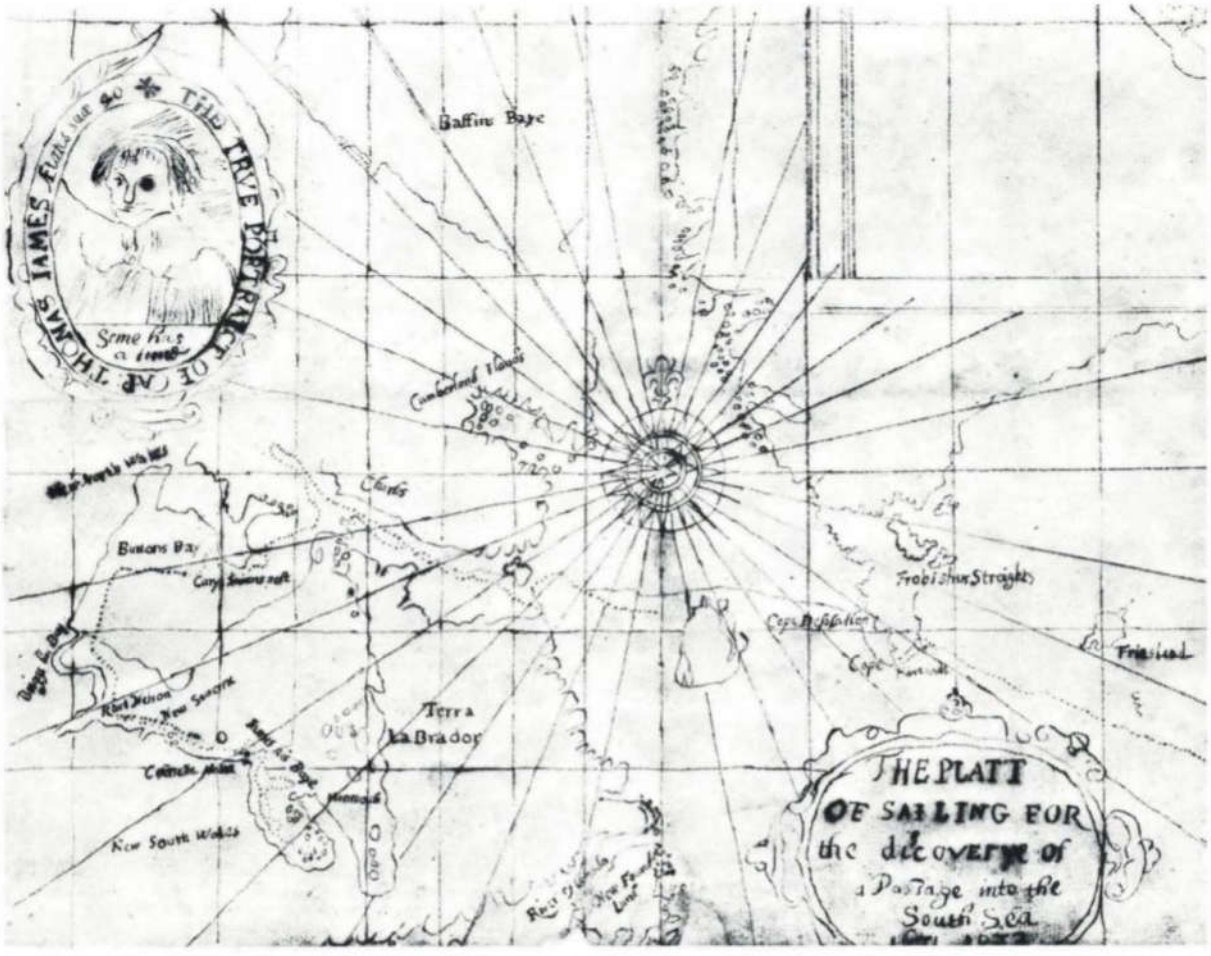
James now wrote to Henry Briggs, suggesting that the two groups agree to divide the rewards which might accrue to either. The voyages would thus supplement, rather than compete with each other. In January 1631 James went to London to seek the assistance of Sir Thomas Roe in obtaining the King's approval

and support. James returned with a letter in which Roe advised the mayor of Bristol (a close acquaintance and possibly brother-in-law of Roe) that he felt that His Majesty would welcome Bristol's efforts and would make no distinction between his subjects. Roe promised that he would serve the Bristol men as faithfully with the King as he did Foxe. He recommended that they proceed cheerfully and make ready in "confidence of His Majesty's justice and equal distribution of his favours." Shortly James returned to London and presented his petition to the King, who granted the request on 3 February 1631.

The King's instructions to Foxe and James have not been preserved, but we can deduce them from Foxe's remarks. Proceeding through Hudson Strait, he was to explore first to the northwest from Salisbury and Nottingham Islands, whence a tide had been observed. Failing success, he was to explore to the west and if necessary southward until he reached Hudson's farthest west. With the instructions went a map of previous discoveries and a letter to the Emperor of Japan!

Foxe's *Charles* and James's *Henrietta Maria* were approximately the same size, some 70 or 80 tons. Each carried a crew of twenty men and two boys. Foxe turned north rather than northwest and discovered Foxe Basin before turning south. James sailed northwest, then turned south and explored the western half of James Bay, wintering there before returning home. Foxe Channel and Foxe Basin, Roe's Welcome and James Bay remain on the map as witnesses to these expeditions.

In a little over a half-century two major arms of the Atlantic had been explored. They reached from James Bay in 52° N latitude to Smith Sound in 78° N latitude. In due time a great fur trade, a seal fishery and a whale fishery would be established in the area. Meanwhile Englishmen had other matters to settle, and until the Restoration brought a new generation to the fore, exploration of the Canadian Arctic lapsed. ◆



COURTESY DR R. A. SKELTON

Manuscript map by Captain Thomas James showing his track through Hudson Strait and Bay in 1631-2.

Through the Eyes of a Potter

BY ALISTAIR MACDUFF

A FEW YEARS AGO when I was still living in Scotland, I was surprised and excited to learn that a group of Eskimo craftsmen living in Rankin Inlet, were working in clay, making a variety of sculpture and pots. I was at this time somewhat familiar with the Eskimos' steatite sculptures, and was already standing in awe of their immense artistic talents, and of course my mind immediately began to try to imagine what kind of pots those people would produce, considering the works of major importance which they were already creating in stone.

From that time on my mind was filled with legions of thoughts and questions, flying about and colliding in confusion, in an inability to arrive at any conclusions, but I was certain and utterly convinced, not by preknowledge, but by my instincts, that the Eskimo potters would produce something of immeasurable value.

By a strange turn of events, shortly after this time I found myself not only in Canada, but also deeply involved with the Eskimo sculptures, prints, and pottery, and with the opportunity to study, analyse and assess the work of the potters of Keewatin.

I have pondered and handled many hundreds of pots and sculptures from the Eskimos of Rankin Inlet, and the purpose of this article is not to talk about the work in general, but to discuss one piece in particular—one piece, which in all its greatness and nobility, far exceeds that which my instincts knew to be possible.

This great pot came in with a normal shipment and as soon as I could see just part of it amidst the packing material, and could feel my hands on it as I lifted it out of its box, I knew that here was something of greatness and beauty, of integrity and honesty, beyond any immediate thoughts or words. I stood looking at it in near disbelief, and joy, and real humility, as my potter's mind and eyes realized slowly and slowly, how much this Eskimo potter had achieved and offered to the world.

As a potter, one is never without a yardstick, and that yardstick is the pots of the Chinese and Korean potters from centuries B.C., to the end of the 13th century A.D. In such an analysis one has to compare type with type, and to compare this great Eskimo potter's work with a piece of Chün ware of the Sung Dynasty would make no sense, so unlike are they, but to compare Tatty's pot with a pot of the Han Dynasty not only makes sense, but indeed is inevitable, because they have such an affinity of spirit, with equal strength, equal simplicity, nobility and utter truth.

Having been steeped in all aspects of ceramics from a very early age, and having spent a lifetime in the presence of the world's greatest pots, I do not draw this comparison at all lightly. This is the first time in forty years of my experience that I have felt such comparison to be legitimate and necessary.

Tatty's pot is made of lightly grogged terracotta body, hand built by coiling and graving, fired at a low temperature, and unglazed. The balance between the ring-foot and the mouth is perfect. The lines of rise flow easily and with great strength to the waistline, pause gently, and change their course into lines of rest, arriving at the mouth of the pot with unerring certainty. The shoulder of the pot, above the waistline, is decorated with simple low relief birds, and below the waistline, with several faces which are quite different in composition and mass, but again balance the other with uncanny judgement, which is instinct.

On each side of the pot, growing from the raised lip which forms the waistline, there is a handle, virile and strong, thrusting downwards, sealing this great pot with its final stamp of authority.

The old Korean and Chinese potters with their gift for poetic expression concerning their pots, used such descriptions as Mutton Fat glaze, Tea Dust glaze, Peach Bloom and Pigeon's Blood glaze and they also spoke of "the bones and the flesh" of their pots, meaning of course the clay and the glaze. Tatty's pot has no flesh—no glaze—but is one of pure bone formation: all construction, all strength, all truth and beauty.

I am enriched and grateful to have seen and handled this pot, and gratified to know that it is now in the collection of the Museum of Man in Ottawa. ◆

Mr Macduff who came from Scotland in 1967 to join the Eskimo fine arts division of Canadian Arctic Producers Limited brought with him an extensive and varied experience in ceramics.

One of the Enukso Point figures, about four and a half feet high.

Arctic Stonehenge

BY LORNE SMITH

STONE HEADS OF EASTER ISLAND, Egypt's temples, and the massive monoliths of Stonehenge are monuments to cultures that had enough surplus wealth to allow an artisan class to develop. These cultures possessed sufficient surplus food to allow vast amounts of labour to be diverted from procuring food, and sustaining life, to the erection of impressive monuments. The harsh climate of the Canadian Arctic would not allow the ancestors of the Canadian Eskimo this luxury. In the Arctic there was no surplus of food that could be stored after the autumn harvest to last through winter's cold, such as was the case in warmer lands. Without this surplus of food and wealth, there was no chance for a ruling class to develop and accumulate riches with which in turn to support artists and master craftsmen. A man's wealth was what he could wear on his back and carry on his sled. There could be no specialization, each man had to be the master of all the trades required for survival. Each had to be kayak maker, sled maker, armourer, hunter, house builder in order to survive. Even the shamans (medicine men or conjurers), with their spirit helpers, could not live completely from the efforts of their neighbours. Hard times were too frequent. There never was the time or the labour available to build temples, sphinx or pyramids.

For these reasons the ancient Eskimos have not left impressive monuments for us to see, as have the Mayans, Romans, and even the ancient Britons at Stonehenge. We have a few circles of small stones left to show where a skin tent was held down, a few mounds of turf to show where a sod, rock and bone house has collapsed. Small arrow heads, tiny ivory figures and harpoon heads dug from the ground are precious finds. And yet on Enukso Point, Foxe Peninsula, on Southwest Baffin Island, stand about 100 stone figures or "inukshuks" (also spelt enuksos, Eskimo meaning "something like a man"), which represent thousands of hours of labour. Thousands of hours spent by Eskimos who had only scant moments to spare from the struggle for survival.

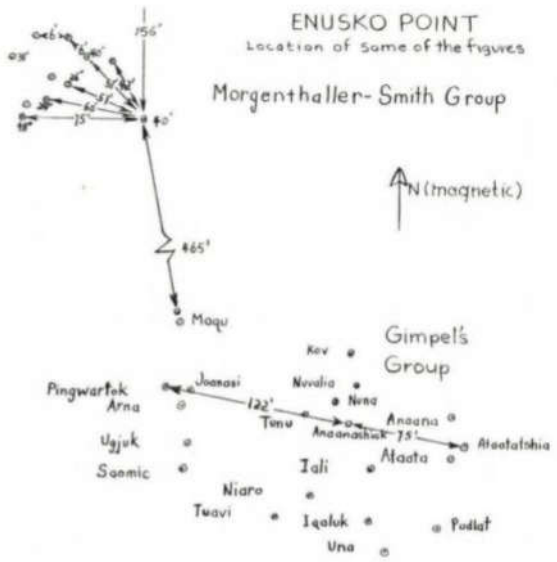
In his years as a government teacher on Baffin Island, Lorne Smith has served at Arctic Bay and Cape Dorset, and is now at Pond Inlet. Photographs by the author.

Enukso Point and its ranks of stone figures are not unknown. In 1963 Mr Terry Ryan, present art director of the Cape Dorset Eskimo Co-operative, paid a visit there. Mr Brian Lewis, former principal of the Cape Dorset School visited the site in 1965, and Mr Charles Gimpel, art dealer from London, England, made trips to the site in 1964 and just prior to my visit in April 1968. No doubt there have been some earlier visits but so far, after extensive research, Mr Gimpel has found no mention of the site in books and reports written by expeditions and survey parties to the area.

Even before coming to Cape Dorset from Arctic Bay in 1966 I was interested in the site, having met Mr Ryan and Mr Lewis. They had spoken of the bleak headland with its mysterious figures standing like sentinels of the past. But it was not until April last year that I was able to make the trip. Mr Gimpel had just completed his second visit to the point, and was kind enough to give me helpful information about the site and even give me a rough sketch map of the location of some of the inukshuks. I hoped to continue his work and plot the location of some more of the figures to see if there was some pattern to their arrangement.

About 11 a.m. on Good Friday the 12th of April 1968 Larry Morgenthaller, the Co-op Store Manager, Pouta (or Paouta, E7-990) Saila, the well known Eskimo sculptor, and I left Cape Dorset for Enukso Point. Larry, on his "Polaris Mustang" snow machine and Pouta with his "Ski-doo" pulled the loaded sled with me on it. We had ruled against taking my "Moto-ski", as a third machine would have needed an additional fifty per cent more gas, and someone had to guide the sled. With both machines pulling we made good time across the frozen sea and soon reached the first overland leg of the journey. Here we stopped to tighten the lashings on the sled, as pounding over the iron hard snow ridges on the sea ice had shaken everything loose, including my insides. The snow was smoother and softer the rest of the trip.

Pouta and Larry Morgenthaller, in caribou parka, load up the kamutik (Eskimo sled) at Cape Dorset, the biggest part of the load being gas.



In sketch, feet = distance from focal point; inches = height of inukshuk.

We stopped for tea at 1.30 and then continued on across the frozen sea again. Very rough ice off a cape forced us to make a short hop across a neck of land. Broken ice at the shore, caused by the rise and fall of the 25-foot tides, and deep soft snow which bogged the machines down time after time slowed us quite a bit and we lost some time. Here, though, we left a cache of gas which lightened the sled by many pounds.

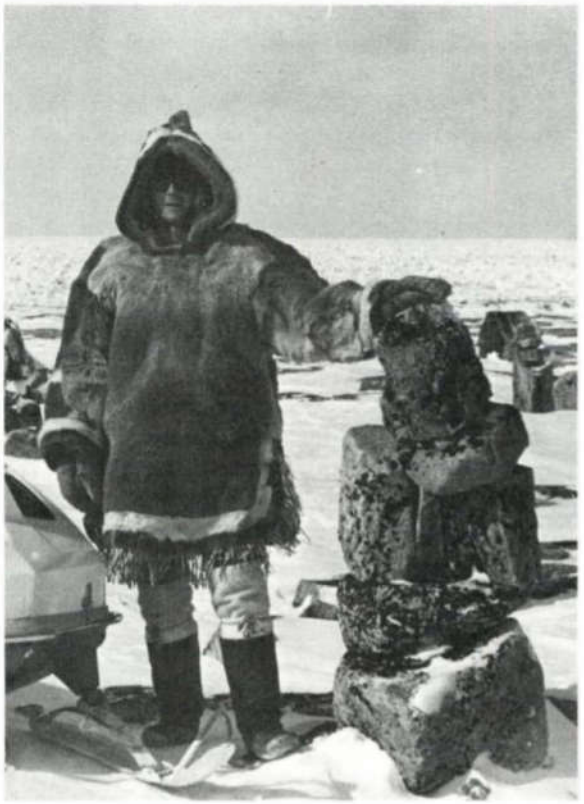
Twice again, rough ice at the end of points of land forced us to travel overland for a few hundred yards, but fortunately the tidal ice barriers were not as bad and we were able to cross them fairly easily. At the last crossing Pouta said "Beyond this is some beautiful country, with good smooth ice." Sure enough when we crossed over we were in Lona Bay, a beautiful sheltered cove. The sea had been calm when it froze over, giving us perfectly smooth ice for about five or six miles. We made excellent time and got on to the land again.

When darkness came at about 9 or 9.30 we still had about two hours travel to go to the point, so rather than push on we stopped in a small gully, where Pouta expected there would be good snow for an igloo. Before long Pouta had the igloo up, and we moved in. We hadn't eaten since breakfast, so we ignored the eclipse of the moon and busied ourselves fixing a meal and settling in for the night.

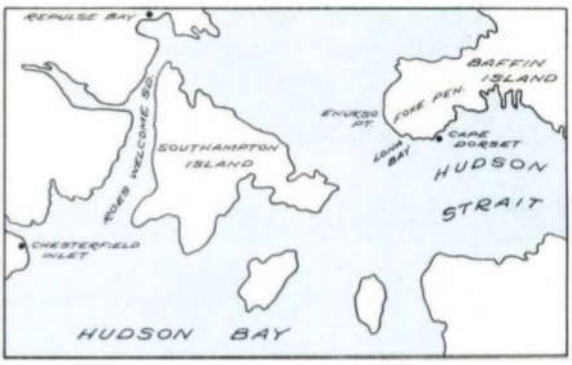
Not too early the next morning we crawled out of our sleeping bags and had breakfast. It didn't take long to fix as it just meant throwing some frozen chunks of stew in a pot and heating them up.

After breakfast we closed up the igloo to keep out drifting snow, in case we or some other traveller should need a house for the night, cached the extra gas, loaded the sled and started off again. We made good time, and by noon we were looking for a route through the rough tidal ice at the shore of Enukso Point.

The sun shone weakly on the silent figures that seemed to guard the point.



Larry Morgenthaller stands beside one of the more interesting figures; behind him the rough sea ice stretches as far as the eye can see.



As we got onto the land and drove around the shore, the strange shapes of the inukshuks came into view. Standing on the skyline of a hill that sloped down to the sea, they formed an army of silent figures that had been guarding the point for untold ages. A stiff wind was blowing snow past the feet of the inukshuks, the sun was shining weakly through grey cloud. The silence was broken only by the sound of the snow machines, and the wind whistling round my parka hood. The blowing snow cloaked the figures until it almost seemed as if they were moving out of the mists of time. We drove along the shore slowly circling the site. There must have been at least a hundred of these figures, big ones, small ones, some just piles of stone, others intricate creations in stone. And all the while I felt like an intruder on hallowed ground.

Pouta led us around the hill and into a small valley behind the site. Here we found ski-doo tracks left by Mr Gimpel, and a little farther on, his abandoned igloo. Tracks in the snow around it showed that a fox had paid a visit to pick up any scraps of food that might have been left. Pouta was not unhappy at finding accommodation available and not having to build it himself, and set to work to fill in the odd hole that had melted through the snow blocks during Gimpel's stay. Larry and I unloaded the sled and started to do the interior decorating. Before long lunch was ready, this time beans and bacon.

After lunch we went up to the site. We found the group that Mr Gimpel had mapped and named, and began photographing and measuring inukshuks. How much work had been put out on these stone forms! The inukshuks covered an area of about 250 yards by 450 yards. There were an estimated hundred figures, and piles of rock indicated that at one time there must have been more, but many had toppled over the years. Fortunately the point was so wind-swept that the rocky ground was blown clear in most places. The snow was not very deep so most of the figures were nearly completely uncovered.

Some of the figures were simply piles of stone, cairns up to six or seven feet high. Others were just two stones delicately balanced one on the other. Still others were complex creations with open spaces, and pillars supporting roofs.

A group of inukshuks, with sea ice in the direction of Southampton Island in the background.

But why were they there? There appeared to be no pattern in their arrangement. Pouta, who used to live at a camp some miles north of the point said that the figures were used as a beacon. He claimed that long ago when people were crossing by skin boat from Southampton Island to Baffin Island, the inukshuks could just be seen standing above the horizon as Southampton disappeared behind them. "The sight of the inukshuks made people very happy," he added.

But if these figures are a beacon, why so many? Why the random pattern? Why aren't they made taller and in a straight line to give a starting direction for an east to west crossing? The point is quite low: why were the figures not erected on the hill behind the site, which is higher?

For the rest of the afternoon we worked, measuring the height and plotting the position of as many inukshuks as we could. We also photographed groups and individual inukshuks. Here and there around the edge of the site were rings of stone that had been used to hold down the edge of skin and canvas tents.

The wind was blowing across the vast stretch of sea ice off the point, swirling snow sifted past the feet of the inukshuks and grey clouds covered the sun as we called it a day and headed back to the igloo. I was disappointed with the weather, as I had hoped to get some pictures of the figures against the setting sun and by the light of the full moon due that night. However, there would be no sun or moon visible with the cloud cover the way it was, so we had supper and turned in fairly early.

The "head" on the pedestal stands about four feet high.

Pouta patches holes in the roof of the igloo left from Charles Gimpel's visit.

About three miles from our first igloo, one of the back springs on Pouta's Ski-doo snapped. I had been expecting it as the springs had looked pretty tired even before leaving Cape Dorset, and they had been taking a terrible pounding the last two days. As there was no way to signal Pouta, I had to wait until he or Larry looked back to check that I was still there so I could signal a stop. For a long time they never looked so as they slowed for a series of snow ridges, I jumped off, sprinted ahead, and punched Pouta between the shoulder blades. That stopped him. Pouta hadn't brought any parts and Larry's spare springs wouldn't fit the Ski-doo, so there was a great debate as to what to do. We still had 55 or 60 miles to go to Cape Dorset. After much discussion, we decided to go on to the igloo we had used the first night, and try to make temporary repairs there. Larry pulled the sled with his machine, and Pouta followed along behind trying to avoid the bumps.

At the igloo Pouta removed the broken spring, while Larry and I made tea in the igloo, and fuelled up the machines from the gas cache. Pouta brought the broken spring inside and by heating it carefully with the Coleman stove and a propane torch I was able to straighten out one coil to replace the part broken off. After guessing at the temperature I plunged it into the igloo floor to cool it and put some temper into the steel. It was a lucky guess, because the spring held all the way back to Dorset.

The next morning was clear although there was still a wind blowing and the bright sun made the snow sparkle like cut glass. A better day for pictures, so we took advantage of the good weather and clicked our cameras at everything that appeared interesting. While this was going on Pouta scraped the lichens off a bare rock, to leave our names and the date as a record of our visit.

After an early lunch, we packed the sled for the return journey. Pouta, as an arctic courtesy, placed a block of snow in the opening of the igloo, to keep it free of snow for other travellers, even though we all knew that the snow would all have melted long before anyone passed that way again.

The inukshuks were hidden by the crest of a hill as we started across the frozen sea again. They did not act as a beacon for our departure.

The autoboggan towing the sled has to be helped in the rough ice.

Moving gear from the sled to the snow-house where the party spent the night.

The view from the sled with the party on the move.

After a cup of tea, we loaded the sled with the equipment we had cached, and pushed on. Pouta's machine was coughing the odd time, and I was wishing we had insisted on tuning it up before leaving Dorset. Just as we were approaching a steep hill where we needed all the speed we could to climb it, Pouta's Ski-doo snorted and bucked and lost power. We hit the hill with less momentum than we needed, and bogged down about a quarter of the way up. The machines dug themselves into a hole, and we ground to a halt. The three of us then had to haul on the sled and pull it up to the machines. Then we pushed the machines out, but as soon as the slack was out of the rope they bogged down again. The snow was too soft and the sled too heavy to start on that hill, so we had to pull the sled up to the top by ourselves.

By 7 or 8 o'clock we had reached the half way mark, so we decided to push on and get home that night rather than build another igloo. Unfortunately Pouta's machine was acting very erratically. It kept losing power and stalling, then I would have to try to keep the sled from ramming him from behind. I didn't always succeed, as 500 pounds of sled at 10 or 15 mph is a bit difficult to stop on hard snow.

By 11 o'clock we reached the last leg. We had about fifteen miles to go, half of it over land, but Pouta's Ski-doo was not running well: 50 yards stop, 100 yards stop, 5 feet stop. We kept suggesting that Pouta leave his ailing machine, and we would come back for it next day, but Pouta kept fiddling with gas line, spark plug, and carburettor in an attempt to reach home. His persistence was probably partly due to not wanting to "lose face" by having to admit to the other Eskimos that his machine couldn't make the trip, and therefore by inference that he didn't know anything about Ski-doos. So we continued to make very slow progress towards Dorset.

Then about three miles from home, Pouta's machine, like a horse smelling the barn, seemed to get a second wind and began to run like a top, so we arrived as we had left, with both machines pulling strongly. But those last fifteen miles had taken three and a half hours. It was 2.30 in the morning when we woke our wives to let us into our locked houses.

Inukshuks of Enukso Point under a hazy sun.

We had made our trip to the point, and had seen the strange figures, but had few answers as to their origin and purpose. There are many questions still to be answered.

Pouta says they are beacons. Indeed *single* inukshuks are commonly used as guide posts in the Dorset area, and elsewhere. But why so many on this point? And what use is a beacon two feet high?

Were the inukshuks at the point used for driving caribou towards concealed hunters, as is the case at sites like Ni Ng-4 near Ekalluk River on Victoria Island?* It is not likely, as the figures at Enukso Point are in such a random array, also there are no long lines of figures stretching inland to funnel the caribou down to the point.

Kiakshuk, an old man who died in 1966, had told Brian Lewis that he remembered inukshuks being erected before crossing Hudson Strait from Quebec to Dorset when he was a child.† He also said that after a battle between two Eskimo camps, an inukshuk had been built for each man killed. Perhaps then these figures have a religous significance as grave markers or as offerings to appease the sea spirits before crossing water. If this is the case then are there large numbers of inukshuks at other water crossings?

Was the site taboo, a forbidden place as suggested by Brian Lewis? It is not likely. The tent rings showed that people had stayed there during the summer, at least over night, and a broken steel fox trap that Pouta found near one inukshuk indicated that one trapper anyway was not afraid to travel in the area.

Some people have suggested that the figures were just erected to pass time away, a sort of a practical joke. But again, why would this be done only here? And the Eskimo way of life was such a hard one it is unlikely that people would have the time or the inclination to spend hours of strenuous labour lifting heavy rocks for no purpose.

Probably the inukshuks at this site had more than one use. Some may have been beacons, some of the more complex types may have had a ceremonial use. Maybe the real reason for the inukshuks will never be known. Like the Easter Island heads, or Stonehenge, their secret lies locked in silent stone. But perhaps the secret is there, beneath the snow, only waiting for someone to travel there again in summer when the ground is bare.

Whatever the reason for the inukshuks, these figures should be preserved. Perhaps Enukso Point could become the first National Historic Site in the Eastern Arctic. It would then be possible to protect the figures that are there, and perhaps to restore some of the figures which have been toppled by the winds and marauding bears. After all, is our Arctic Stonehenge not worth our care? ◆

*"*Of Soldiers & Inukshuks*"—W. E. Taylor, *North*, May/June '68.
†"*Inukshuks and Inuguaks*"—B. W. Lewis, *Canadian Geographical Journal* September '66.

THE KWAKIUTL

These people of the Pacific coast wore clothing, notably the woven spruce root hats and cedar bark capes, to protect them from the rain and for ceremonial occasions. The high status of this man is indicated by his fur robe and the rings woven above the crown of his hat.

INDIAN TRIBES OF CANADA

The following feature on the Kwakiutl is the beginning of a series of short pictorial articles on some of the native peoples of Canada. Tribal life through the seasons will be depicted as it was in the nineteenth century before the vast changes brought about by the advent of the European had affected the Indian way of life. Customs, dress, tools, subsistence, dwellings, will reflect this earlier period in the life of the people called "Indian" by Christopher Columbus who mistakenly believed he was in the Indies of Asia, the name since applied to all American aborigines regardless of their distinctive languages and customs.

Readers may recall a series of similar character on some western tribes, published fifteen years ago, in which the text was written by Dr. Douglas Leechman, with illustrations by Lloyd Scott. Carrying on the theme, with different tribes, are Dr Edward S. Rogers, Curator of the Department of Ethnology at the Royal Ontario Museum, and artist Lee Updike. Dr Rogers' interest in archaeology stems from his boyhood and led to field work in Quebec and Maine, including a student canoe trip down Rupert River looking for artifacts about which he wrote in *The Beaver*. Further ethnographic field work and research took him from New Mexico to Parry Island, Ontario, and to live for a year, with his wife and daughter, among the Round Lake Ojibwa of northern Ontario. His doctorate was received at the University of Mexico in 1958. His papers on the Indians of eastern Canada have been published by, among others, the Royal Ontario Museum and the National Museum of Canada. Lee Updike has been studying and illustrating the Indians of Canada for a number of years and has often collaborated with Dr Rogers. Besides illustrating books he has made film strips for the National Film Board, done work for the Royal Ontario Museum and the Department of Education, and prepared a series of seventy-five drawings which were used on educational television in Ontario and the United States.

Halibut fishing was an important activity of the Kwakiutl. Here the southern, Nootka-type canoe, an excellent sea-going craft, is being used.

The Kwakiutl

Text by E. S. ROGERS

Drawings by LEE UPDIKE

THE KWAKIUTL ("Beach on the other side of the river") Indians of the North Pacific Coast lived on the northeast corner of Vancouver Island from Johnstone Strait to Cape Cook and along the coast of the mainland of British Columbia from Douglas Channel to Bute Inlet with the exception of a small portion controlled by the Bella Coola Indians. Linguistically there were three groups: the *Haisla*, the *Heiltsuk* and the *Kwakiutl* proper. In the 1920s there were slightly under 2,000 Kwakiutl, but nearly a century before they numbered 10,700. Disease had taken its toll in the intervening years.

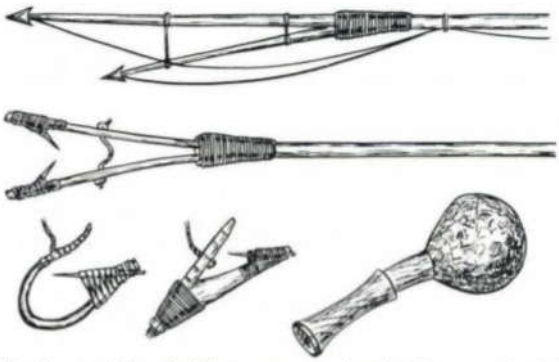
The Kwakiutl engaged in some hunting and gathering, but lived primarily by fishing. A decidedly maritime orientation permeated their culture—their food came from the water, they lived beside the water and they travelled over the water. Their villages, of plank houses each occupied by several families, were situated on beaches at the heads of fiords overlooking the sea. Behind the settlements rose rugged and mountainous terrain backed by the Coast Ranges of the mainland and those running the length of Vancouver Island, the Vancouver Island Ranges. A maritime climate with mild weather prevailed. Heavy rainfall occurred during the winter and the total precipitation for the year ranged from 50 to over 100 inches. Coniferous trees and a few deciduous species forested the land. Red and yellow cedar, hemlock, Douglas fir and Sitka spruce were the most important trees. Some gained a height of 150 to 200 feet and a diameter of five feet and were ideally suited for the variety of wooden articles the Kwakiutl made. In addition, there were many berry bushes and other plants of use in many ways to the Indians.

The fauna, somewhat limited in variety, consisted of elk, mule deer and black-tailed deer, black and grizzly bear, otter, beaver, wolf and cougar. In the Coast Ranges lived mountain goat. Seal, sea otter, sea lion and porpoise populated the coastal waters. In addition, each spring and fall migrating flocks of ducks and geese passed through the area.

The ocean itself held an abundance of life, of extreme importance to the Kwakiutl Indians. Halibut, cod, herring, smelt and oolachan frequented the sea and in the spring, summer and fall five species of Pacific salmon in countless numbers ascended the streams that flowed turbulently down the mountain sides. In addition, shellfish, mollusks and clams thrived along the tidal flats.

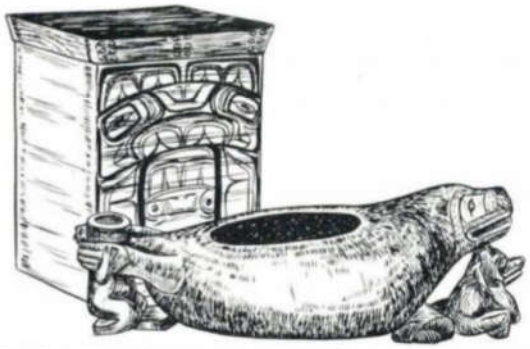
From the environment, the Kwakiutl, in a few short months each spring and summer, obtained an abundance of food, sufficient to maintain themselves for the rest of the year. When not procuring food, the Kwakiutl spent their time in other activities such as trade, warfare, and the manufacture of material items. But the most important activities were the winter ceremonials performed as part of Kwakiutl religion and as a function of the social system.

In early spring, commencing sometime in March, Kwakiutl fishermen made excursions from the villages in small dugout canoes to fish for cod and halibut with hooks and lines. If a fisherman hooked an especially large halibut and brought it to the surface, a special club was used to dispatch it. Besides fishing, hunters pursued porpoises, seals, sea otters and sea lion, killing them with harpoons and spears and sometimes, if any of the last three were found on shore, clubbing them to death. These pursuits occupied the men's time until the first part of May. The men might then go in search of herring as they moved into shallow water to spawn, securing the fish with a special rake.



Hooks used for halibut were made of alder wood with bone or metal barbs and wrapped with cedar bark. A special club was employed to stun large halibut. Spears of several styles were used in the capture of salmon.

Paddles for the dugout canoes were carved from hardwood, blades decorated with painted or incised symbols.



Wooden containers were made in one of two ways: thin boards were folded into a box with lid and inserted bottom or a block of wood was carved to the shape.

Wooden boxes could be so well made as to hold water and in these the women cooked by adding hot stones to bring the contents to a boil. Head deformation was acquired when the infant was in the cradle.

The large red cedars found in the country of the Kwakiutl were straight grained and therefore relatively easy to split into planks which could be used in house construction and the making of boxes.

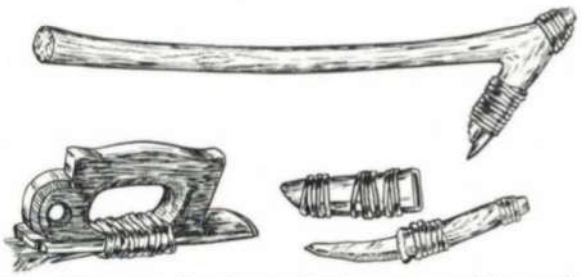
Once salmon began to appear upon the coast and commenced their journey upstream, the Kwakiutl, in whose territory there were favourable rivers, abandoned their villages and moved to strategic fishing sites. To transport their goods, the Indians employed dugout canoes sometimes placing several together with a platform between them for the cargo. They removed planks from their permanent dwellings and took these with them to be used in constructing temporary shelters at the fish camps. After their arrival, lodges were erected, drying racks prepared and equipment put in order for securing as many salmon as possible.

Before fishing could begin, a "First Salmon Ceremony" must be held. This rite was performed with the first catch from each important stream or area in which a fishing camp was located. The ritual was undertaken to propitiate the spirits of the salmon and to greet the salmon's arrival. The priest conducting the rite spoke to the fish as though it were a visiting chief of high rank and treated it with the utmost ceremony, sometimes presenting it with an offering. Finally, the fish was cooked (stone boiling was an important cooking method) and distributed ritually to all those assembled. After this had taken place, the priest indicated that it was now permissible for all to engage in subsistence fishing.

Salmon were speared, caught in weirs and traps and dip-netted directly from the shore or from scaffolds placed out over the streams. They were gutted and prepared for drying. Large quantities were thus saved for the winter.

When the fishing season ended, the people generally moved back to their permanent winter village sites. At this time of year, the women engaged in the collection of a great variety of berries and roots. Berry patches were considered family property and trespass was forbidden. Quantities of berries were picked, then dried and saved for the future as had been done with salmon. Trading trips might be undertaken although sometimes not until later, during the winter months. It was also a time when occasional raids were undertaken to right some wrong committed by a neighbour, located usually no more than 50 to 100 miles away. Warfare, though, was not a prominent part of Kwakiutl culture. The people were much more concerned with social status.

Winter was a time generally free from the search for food. A limited amount of hunting might be undertaken but primarily many other activities kept the people busy.



The elbow adze, D-adze, and knives were used for woodworking. Blades of polished stone originally were replaced by metal with the advent of European goods.

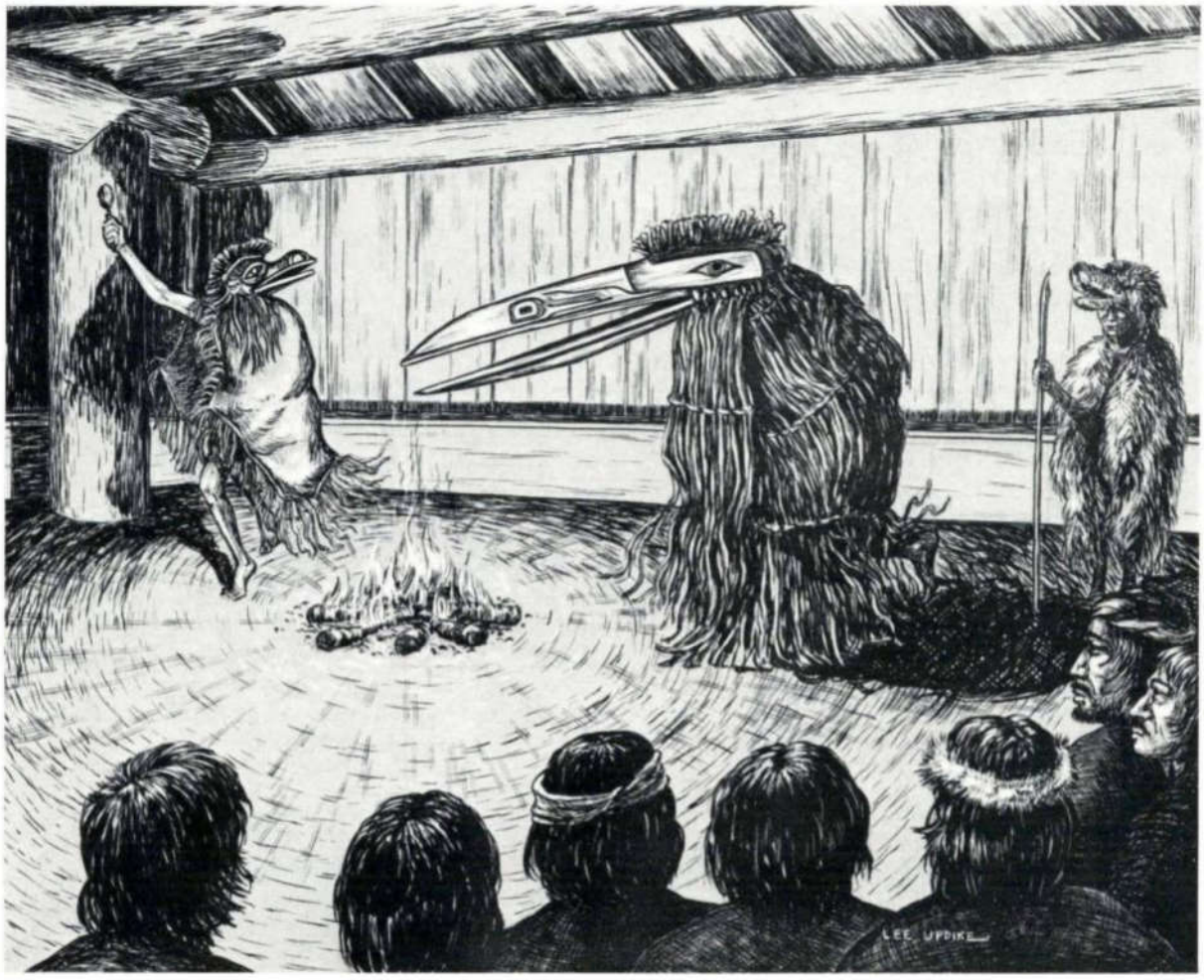
Hammers were made of stone pecked and ground to shape and wedges of wood were bound at the top with roots to prevent them from splitting when in use.

Equipment was repaired and new items manufactured. The Kwakiutl, like other tribes along the North Pacific Coast, are noted for their woodworking. Large trees were felled and the logs split, using wedges and mauls, into planks for house construction, or fashioned into dugout canoes. With adzes, the D-adze was characteristic, knives, and chisels, the Indians made bowls and dishes, boxes, house posts, totem poles, paddles, and a variety of masks.

Primarily though, winter was a social season in which the people gathered on invitation from surrounding villages to partake of feasts or witness the enactment of various ceremonials. Among the Kwakiutl, several secret societies existed, one of the best known being the Hamatsa. The sons of nobility would each winter be initiated into the society. The initiate would first fast to obtain a vision and afterwards perform as a central figure in a ceremony enacting his rebirth. During the performance, which was accompanied by various musical instruments, the initiate was in a trance and attempted to do bodily harm to the spectators. Members of the society, dressed in elaborate costumes, tried in various ways to bring him back to normality. Eventually, a special woman performer accomplished this feat.

Another important event held at this time of the year was the potlatch, a feast at which large quantities of goods were destroyed or given away to visiting participants. A potlatch had to be given in order to validate an individual's assumption of a new title or position in the society. Only after this had occurred could he sing the songs and recount the myths and legends, and wear the ritual paraphernalia, a part of the family heirloom, associated with the position. Without the potlatch, one could not assume any of the social statuses envisioned by the Kwakiutl as part of their social organization. And when the Potlatch Law of 1884 which prohibited the ceremony was enforced during the early part of this century, it is easy to see therefore why Kwakiutl culture was broken as a living entity. ◆

During the winter months many dramatic performances were staged, the actors wearing masks representing various supernatural beings.



A FURTHER CLUE IN THE FRANKLIN MYSTERY

BY W. G. McKENZIE

IT IS DOUBTFUL if O'Reilly Island has ever before been called a Secondary Theatre of Operations but, in fact, that is how it was regarded by the Canadian Armed Forces when they conducted their search in August 1967 for the grave of Sir John Franklin and the missing records of the expedition. Their search plan was principally directed toward King William Island and the Boothia Peninsula areas; the inclusion of O'Reilly Island was only by the merest chance when it was decided to set up the base camp at Gladman Point on the south shore of King William Island. Its close proximity to O'Reilly Island demanded that an attempt be made to locate the wreck known to lie in the vicinity and at that late stage of the planning, it was finally decided, almost as an afterthought, to include a team of army divers. This was a fortunate decision for their participation in the search did produce interesting results although this was not to be apparent until long after the expedition was nothing but a pleasant memory.

Readers of Arctic history will not be altogether unfamiliar with the name O'Reilly Island or Oogeoolik (Ogjulik or Ootloolik) as it was called. It made its first appearance in Sir John Ross's *Second Voyage of Discovery to the Arctic Regions* when he wrote of an important island to the southwest of Boothia where a great number of Eskimos congregated in the summer months. It gained some prominence later during the search for Sir John Franklin when McClintock in 1857, followed by Hall and Schwatka, heard native stories about the deserted vessel which so mysteriously appeared at O'Reilly Island. The exact date of its arrival was not known with any degree of certainty but it was assumed to be within a year or two of the abandonment of Franklin's ships in 1848.

Hall has left us with this vivid record of the incident as related by an Eskimo informant:

> The ships had four boats hanging at the sides and another was above the quarterdeck. The ice about the ship one winter's make; all a smooth floe. A plank was found extended from the ship's side down to the ice.
>
> Gathering into an igloo my interpreters Joe and Jack with *In-nook-poo-zhee-jook*, and putting before the last-named native McClintock's chart, he readily pointed out the place where the Franklin ship sank. It was very near O'Reilly Island, a little eastward of the north end of said island, between it and Wilmot and Crampton Bay. A native of the island first saw the ship when sealing; it was far off seaward, beset in the ice. He concluded to make his way to it, though at first he felt afraid; got aboard, but saw no one, although from every appearance somebody had been living there. At last he ventured to steal a knife, and made off as fast as he could to his home; but on showing the Innuits what he had stolen the men of the place all started off to the ship. The party on getting aboard tried to find out if anyone was there, and not seeing or hearing anyone, began ransacking the ship. To get into the *igloo* (cabin), they knocked a hole through because it was locked. They found there a dead man, whose body was very large and heavy, his teeth very long. It took five men to lift this giant *kob-lu-na*. He was left where they found him. One place in the ship, where a great many things were found, was very dark; they had to find things there by feeling around. Guns were there and a great many very good buckets and boxes. On my asking if they saw anything to eat on board, the reply was there was meat and *tood-noo* in cans, the meat fat and like pemmican. The sails, rigging and boats—everything about the ship—was in complete order.

The 1967 Armed Forces Expedition left Edmonton on August 5th in an air force Hercules and set up base camp at Gladman Point. The party consisted of 47 army and air force personnel accompanied by four civilian observers. Short-range transport was furnished by two Voyageur helicopters. As soon as the weather permitted, the various searching groups were transported by air to their pre-arranged search areas and it was only after all this was completed that the helicopters were free to establish the diving party on O'Reilly Island.

O'Reilly is a pleasant place. The sea is visible from any part of the island and the rolling hills and glens give it an appearance not unlike the moors in the north of Scotland. Wildlife abounds and caribou still resort there as they have in summers past; a butterfly occasionally brightens the dun coloured landscape. The entire island is surrounded by a white sand beach and if it were not for the inaccessibility, O'Reilly would be a perfect spot for a picnic or a family camping vacation. A solitary hiker pausing for refreshment and casting a glance over the sparkling sea should be pardoned for secretly wishing, for a fleeting moment, to live forever.

The diving team was made up of five members of the Royal Canadian Engineers ably commanded by Lieut. John Critchley. After deplaning, they immediately began setting up their camp on the northern shore; this consisted of two tents, one for living in and one for changing

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W. G. McKenzie, an insurance executive and an Arctic enthusiast with a keen interest in the Franklin Expedition, instigated "Project Franklin" with the suggestion, being himself ex-RCNVR, that it might be a naval exercise, and secured the support of the government in this Armed Forces search for Franklin.

Coast of O'Reilly Island showing ice in background.

and drying their suits. As they were using *Scuba* (which I am surprised to learn is the abbreviation for self-contained underwater diving aparatus) equipment, a portable air compressor was needed for replenishing their air tanks. Wet suits were used. This means the water fills the minute openings in the porous rubber suit until it reaches the body, which warms it slightly and it then, in turn, acts as an insulator. This was necessary as the water temperature, even in August, hovered between 29° and 32° Fahrenheit.

The diving commenced immediately and was continued whenever the ice conditions permitted. The divers used an underwater sled towed by a rubber assault-boat powered by an outboard-motor and this enabled them to cover a much greater area than would have been possible using the free diving method. When the diving commenced, the men were able to stay underwater for as long as 55 minutes but as time took its toll, this was ultimately reduced to 30 minutes. It was not like diving at Miami Beach. When the divers were unable to dive, and this was often, they carried out a shore search in order to establish a debris pattern. In the course of these searches they made some interesting finds including a belaying pin, part of an oar, part of a ship's block, but most important of all, several sheets of copper. This was to be the extent of the divers' finds for although they kept diving as often as the weather and ice permitted, they were not to achieve their elusive goal. Luck must surely play an important role in this type of search.

Arctic enthusiasts will probably have read *Quest for Franklin*, wherein the author theorized that the vessel which sank near O'Reilly was not one of Franklin's ships at all (Rear-Admiral Wright disposes of Hall's "corpse", quite correctly we believe, as being a figurehead), but in fact was none other than H.M.S. *Investigator* which McClure abandoned in 1853 in Mercy Bay on Banks Island. The copper seemed like a clue worth investigating, particularly when, it will be recalled, *Erebus* and *Terror* were not copper sheathed; however, *Investigator* was so protected against the teredo, the borer which attacks wooden vessels.

Would a thorough examination of the copper reveal its origin? Upon the expedition's return to civilization, the examination was carried out.

There was a stroke of luck in that one of the copper sheets, due to the distortion of the metal, still held two copper nails firmly in place. These were examined by an expert who dated them as being made by a process commonly used between 1820 and 1850. Spectographic analysis of the sheeting was carried out by no less than three different metallurgists and their reports were very similar. They claimed the metal was extremely pure and could only be smelted by means of the electrolytic process, the first such refinery not having been built until 1869. This was not an encouraging beginning, but a visit to the library revealed that during the first half of the 19th century, most of the world's copper was smelted in Wales and that the "Welsh smeltermen had become experts in fire refining". This was a little better but, as the purity of the metal was still a puzzle, copies of the various spectographic analyses were sent to the British Museum for a further opinion. Their experts did not seem at all surprised and cited a recent analysis of a Late Bronze Age copper ingot of Cornish origin which contained copper to an astonishing percentage of 98.74. They also expressed the opinion that the Welsh smelters could do better than this if they tried. Another source later confirmed the fact that it was technically possible and specifically mentioned an instance where 99.66 per cent was achieved. This surely settled the question of the purity of the copper.

There was more information still to be learnt from the copper. It was also suggested that if the O'Reilly copper did not contain any silver (it didn't) then it might have originated from the same source as the Late Bronze Age (Cornwall) ingot previously mentioned; the complete absence of arsenic in the sample would, at least, indicate it was not from the most logical North American source, the Lake Superior deposit. The British Isles appeared to be a likely source.

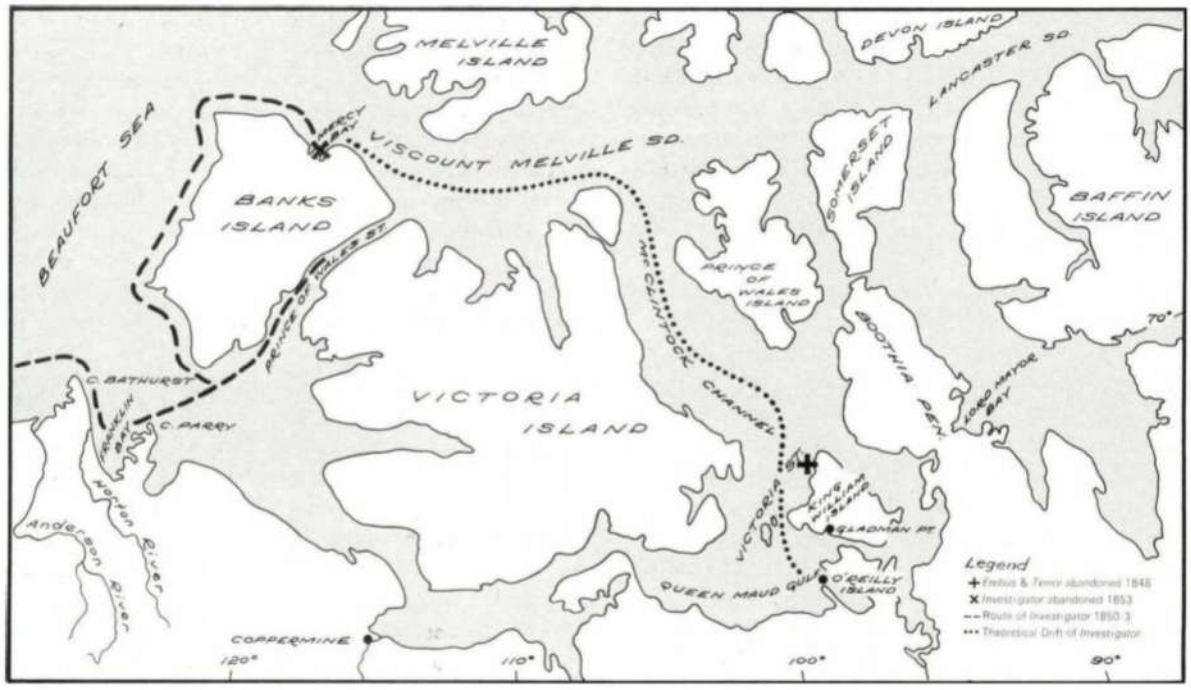
Not having the dockyard specifications of *Investigator's* sheathing, or for that matter, sheathing in general, local

A diver helps to launch the assault boat prior to diving.

Lieut Critchley diving off the island, Cpl Shaw near ice.

copper manufacturers were contacted and it was determined that wooden vessels are currently being sheathed in .0216 (16 oz.) and .027 (20 oz.) material. Also Nelson's flagship H.M.S. *Victory* was apparently sheathed with 28 oz. material and this was attached with nails rather than screws, the latter fact being the important one. The O'Reilly finds are of .025 inch gauge placing them midway between the gauge currently used and somewhat less than that used on the *Victory*. It is doubtful if the thickness is too significant as the Dockyard Superintendent who fitted out *Investigator* might have purposely used a thinner gauge realizing it was a one-trip proposition and that it would be destroyed as soon as the ship entered the ice. An indication of the size of the sheathing used on *Investigator* came from an unexpected source in the form of Professor Neatby's book *Frozen Ships*, a translation of the journal kept by the ship's interpreter, Johann Miertsching. He noted that "a copper sheet on the ship's side measuring 36 inches by 13 inches was grazed and folded back so that now it was only 9 inches long". Our copper was something along these lines.

It has been suggested that these pieces may be nothing more than a tingle or patch on a ship's boat. This could be true but it does seem strange that several pieces should end up at the same stretch of beach. There is no question of them floating there as no wood was attached. This is a sound enough reason for believing they came from the ship's timbers rather than from a ship's boat or deckhouse as they would most likely still have pieces of the wood attached. McClintock found intact one of Frank-



lin's boats on King William Island and although he has left us with a very detailed description of it, no mention is made of underwater copper-sheathing.

The water at O'Reilly Island is shallow and, as visualized, the ice must have scraped over the wreck, tearing off pieces of sheathing and carrying them, lodged in the ice, until the floe became grounded at the waters edge and ultimately melted. This is no more than what actually happened and was recorded by Miertsching when a piece of ice tore off the sheet of copper and carried it away.

Regardless of the many possible explanations, it is difficult to explain the presence of the copper and the nails, dated prior to 1850, on this isolated beach unless they came from the *Erebus*, *Terror* or *Investigator*. The number of pieces of copper would suggest there must have been an abundant source, such as a ship's bottom, and *Investigator* was the only one of the three so covered.

After her abandonment, could *Investigator* possibly drift to O'Reilly from Banks Island? The 1962 Canadian Government Ice Survey notwithstanding, there can be no question that at the time of McClure's besetment, the vessel was borne along by a strong current moving in an easterly direction until she reached the doubtful safety of Mercy Bay. McClure even noted this fact in his published journal. Following her abandonment in 1853, she must have moved out of the bay during one of the periodic ice movements and then drifted to the east, probably borne along in a field of ice, until the northern entrance to the McClintock Channel was reached. Once trapped there she would slowly be carried along in the grip of the terrible ice-jam which relentlessly forces its way southward to grind against the extremity of King William Island. She might even have been "nipped" by the tremendous pressure and carried on the top of the ice. *Investigator* was of wooden construction and had, in fact, been double-planked for additional strength. This would make her extremely buoyant. Before her abandonment, all stores were removed and placed in a depot ashore. Also, the captain had attempted to take on ballast before the ship became trapped in Mercy Bay and had even collected fifty tons of rock for this purpose although he was unable to actually load it on board as the vessel was unexpectedly forced along by the movement of the ice. This lack of ballast would certainly increase her buoyancy and as the coal supply would have been depleted, she must have been almost empty. We raise these points to emphasize that she was an unusually strong vessel, and an empty one when abandoned. Once released at the bottom of McClintock Channel, there is every likelihood she would eventually arrive at O'Reilly. This has always been a repository for driftwood, so a derelict ship would probably drift there too, even if lodged in an ice-field.

When Dr Rae was in this vicinity during 1854, a year after the *Investigator's* abandonment and six years after the *Erebus* and the *Terror* were deserted, he did not learn of any wreck and the only relics obtained were a few small articles from Franklin's party, but nothing of any size as one would expect following the pillaging of a ship. This is an important point and might well indicate that the vessel had not yet appeared on the scene.

Copper sheeting found on the shore of O'Reilly Island.

If the wreck at O'Reilly Island, is, in fact, *Investigator*, what became of Franklin's ships? The most logical answer, which is often overlooked, may be found in the Parliamentary Blue Book published "in reference to certain Vessels observed on an Iceberg in the North Atlantic in 1851". The story is briefly this. The English brig *Renovation* en route from Limerick to Quebec sighted a large ice-floe off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. The weather was clear and they closed to a distance of three miles. Resting on the floe were two three-masted vessels similar in size and appearance to the *Erebus* and *Terror*. One was on its side and the other was upright. There was no sign of life. The crew and passengers viewed this scene through telescopes but unfortunately they did not try to board for if this had been done, they would probably have solved the mystery and collected the reward which was offered for doing so. A very thorough investigation was subsequently carried out by the Admiralty, who were no doubt alarmed at the astronomical expenses being incurred by reason of the various searches and the fact that the missing crews were still on the pay lists. An impartial examination of the facts will leave anyone, but confirmed skeptics, with the opinion that the vessels did exist and were not optical illusions or figments of the viewers' imaginations. No other ships were missing, at that time, so the obvious solution is that these vessels were *Erebus* and *Terror* that had somehow been released from their polar prison to find their way, through Lancaster Sound, to the North Atlantic and finally to their watery tombs. McClintock and others have held the opinion that some of the men returned to the ships, so it is just possible they were able to raise steam and so escape from the environs of King William, to succumb later.

The reader will have to draw his or her own conclusion as to whether the facts are sufficient to support the theory that the O'Reilly wreck, which has always been regarded as the last resting place of one of Franklin's ships, is in actual fact, *Investigator*. A prominent Arctic historian, upon examination of the writer's papers, remarked, "I could enumerate many objections to it, but all must yield to the *fact* of the copper sheets. It will be a thousand pities if the clue is not followed up."

The only way to be certain of the wreck's identity is, first of all, to locate it and then to examine it for copper-sheathing. As the Franklin Mystery still holds a fascinating attraction for many Canadians, it is hoped this latest clue will spur some of them into action. ◆

A DIVERGENT OPINION

BY L. A. LEARMONTH

Editor's note: *Mr Learmonth, retired fur trader of the Hudson's Bay Company who spent a lifetime in the Western Arctic and devoted much thought and research —in literature and on the spot—to the mystery of the last Franklin Expedition feels that the "clue" described by Mr McKenzie is used in a far-fetched way. After his return from the Arctic, Mr McKenzie visited Mr Learmonth for the purpose of discussing the copper finds. He reported that they had a "cracking good time" talking arctic history; they decided that controversy was not a bad thing for stimulating interest; and they agreed that an attempt should be made to reach the wreck as this was the only sure means of putting the matter to rest. Mr McKenzie readily agreed to our printing Mr Learmonth's views, in connection with his article, though they do not coincide with his own, to provide food for thought and possibly to stimulate yet another search.*

MOST IF NOT ALL the items discovered recently in the vicinity of O'Reilly Island as described, including the pieces of copper sheathing, surely must have come from the *Erebus* or *Terror* that were abandoned, as stated on the Victory Point Record, about a hundred miles distant in the north part of Victoria Strait from where, in our experience freighting with fur trade schooners in the area over the years, the sea ice after break-up each year invariably drifted down into the eastern part of the Queen Maud Gulf including the vicinity of O'Reilly Island.

It takes a very great stretch of imagination indeed to bring into the picture McClure's *Investigator*, abandoned in the Bay of Mercy, Banks Island, more than eight hundred miles distant by sea, and reported by Lieut Mecham in the spring of 1854 (6 years after *Erebus* and *Terror* were abandoned) as ". . . keeled over, broken by ice and ready to sink". Are we to believe that the *Erebus* and *Terror* drifted northwards from the very scene of their disaster while through the same Victoria Strait the *Investigator*, in spite of her battered and sinking condition, somehow got out from the Bay of Mercy, so far away, to drift southwards into it? And all this on the evidence of a few pieces of copper sheet. This is in accordance with the theory, not new, that claims since *Erebus* and *Terror* were stripped of their copper sheathing upon their return

to England from J. Clark Ross's antarctic expedition of 1840-43, the pieces of copper recovered earlier and recently must have come from the *Investigator* which was copper sheathed. But the ships of those days and more recently had much copper sheet and fittings besides just hull sheathing as note, for instance, Back's reference to the *Terror* when being prepared for his 1836-37 arctic expedition: ". . . She had recently been doubled, and in every respect strengthened with iron and copper fastenings for a voyage to the Polar seas." Also rolls of sheet caulking copper were carried for repairing leaks etc. Whale-boats, too, of which the *Terror* had three, were often copper sheathed for special arctic service. Then, to my personal knowledge, Eskimos of the Lord Mayor Bay district had kudliks made of sheet copper obtained from John Ross's *Victory* which was abandoned in 1833.

About wreckage that could be found in the area of the Franklin disaster future researchers should take note that the fur trade has been operating in and through there ever since 1923 and has left many signs. For example the M/V *Emma* (George Porter Sr. in charge; W. Chitty engineer, and otherwise Eskimo crew) was wrecked at the southwest corner of McLoughlin Bay late in September 1932, when a lot of her deck cargo, much of it lumber, floated away to be washed up on O'Reilly Island and vicinity beaches. There, a year later Angus Gavin, Egotak, and I in the *Polar Bear*, heading for Gjoa Haven, salvaged as much as we could and took it to the post with us. And by the way "Oogeoolik" (as Ross spelt it) is not really the name of O'Reilly Island but of an area where "Oogeook" (ugjuk, bearded seal) are plentiful, and much hunted by Eskimos over the ice in the spring, which includes O'Reilly Island.

As for the big, heavy man with long teeth (some have suggested that might have been the body of Franklin preserved in rock salt or something in a coffin of sorts for return to England???) noted by Eskimos lying dead on the floor of the ship's "igloo", Mr McKenzie agrees with Admiral Noel Wright apparently that it possibly could have been the ship's figurehead rather than a true man. This though one of the Eskimos under question, In-nook-poo-zhee-jook, an intelligent and much travelled man "had seen Ross and party on the *Victory*, and Rae in 1854" and would not likely mistake a ship's wooden figurehead for a kablunak. Even if the ship had had such a figurehead would the crew be likely to cut it off, take it into their living quarters and dress it in human clothing? The quotation from Hall's interview with the King William Island Eskimos (See Nourse, *Narrative of the Second Arctic Expedition by C. F. Hall*, pages 404-5) after mentioning the big man with the long teeth stops before coming to these items: ". . . The ship was afterwards much broken up by ice, and then masts, timbers, boxes, casks &c., drifted on shore. A little while after this fresh tracks were seen of four men and a dog on the land where the ship was. In-nook-poo-zhee-jook . . . knew these tracks to be *koblunas*'; the foot-marks were

Wooden timbers and dowel pins collected on the beach.

long, narrow in the middle, and the prints like as if of the boots found in the two boats [also copper fastened] found on King William's Land . . . The natives tracked the men a long distance, and found where they had killed and eaten a young deer.

"Another native at this interview told nearly the same story of the ship and of the *man* found on board, adding that he was found dead on the floor, his *clothes* all on;" (my italics). The records, of course, make it clear no one of McClure's crew, dead or alive, remained on the *Investigator* when finally abandoned.

Again Mr McKenzie says: "Following her abandonment in 1853 she (the *Investigator*) must have moved out of the bay (Bay of Mercy) during one of the periodic ice movements and then drifted to the east. . . ." But Lieut Mecham from Kellet's *Resolute*, visiting her again for the last time in the spring of 1854 found her still near her anchorage inside the Bay of Mercy in the sinking condition already mentioned.

Trying to bring the *Investigator* into the O'Reilly Island picture would seem to be an exercise in imagination. What was learnt by Paddy Gibson (whose thoughtful analysis of the Franklin tragedy appears in *The Beaver*, June 1937), Patsy Klengenberg, Bill Skinner, Don Sturrock, myself and others of the old fur trade during our many years of service in the area of the tragedy only corroborated the findings of Rae, McClintock, Hall, Schwatka, and Rasmussen which resulted from investigations with the help of local natives on the spot. It did not corroborate any of Hall's strange stories obtained while far away at Repulse Bay in the years before he actually visited King William Island and interviewed the people there, and which he himself cancelled out by his letter to Mr Henry Grinnell dated 20 June 1869 at Repulse Bay after his visit (Nourse, page 415).

However, there are many missing details that probably can never be known. For example, where and how were Franklin and the officers and men buried (apart from the known graves at Beechey Island) who, according to the Victory Point Record, died before the ships were abandoned? ♦

PORTFOLIO FROM PIKANGIKUM

Straggling round the shores of a remote Ontario lake, about 200 miles north of Sioux Lookout, is the little settlement of Pikangikum, home to some 300 Ojibwa. To this isolated spot, in March last year, flew John Gould, Toronto artist whose work is shown in public and private collections in Canada, the United States, and Europe. His assignment was to create a graphic documentary for the National Film Board. He lived there five weeks drawing the people in their cabins, in church, in the Bay store, in school, in the nursing centre. Then he flew out with the sketches to make a film portrait of people who lived much as they did a hundred years ago, though they would make use of snowmobiles and aeroplanes; for flying is the only way in and out of Pikangikum, and small aircraft drop down to take in supplies and to pick up furs or loads of fish in season, to take the Indians to their winter trap lines and to bring them back.

BY JOHN GOULD

John Gould found in Pikangikum an enviable peace. With no traffic, no movies, no newspapers, no alcohol, but a lot of space and a lot of silence, "they can just sit and say nothing and appreciate what's around them. They seem to have achieved an empathy with their land and their children. This is something we in the cities must re-learn."

eggs

BY JOHN GOULD

THE SMOKING PILLARS OF HORTON RIVER

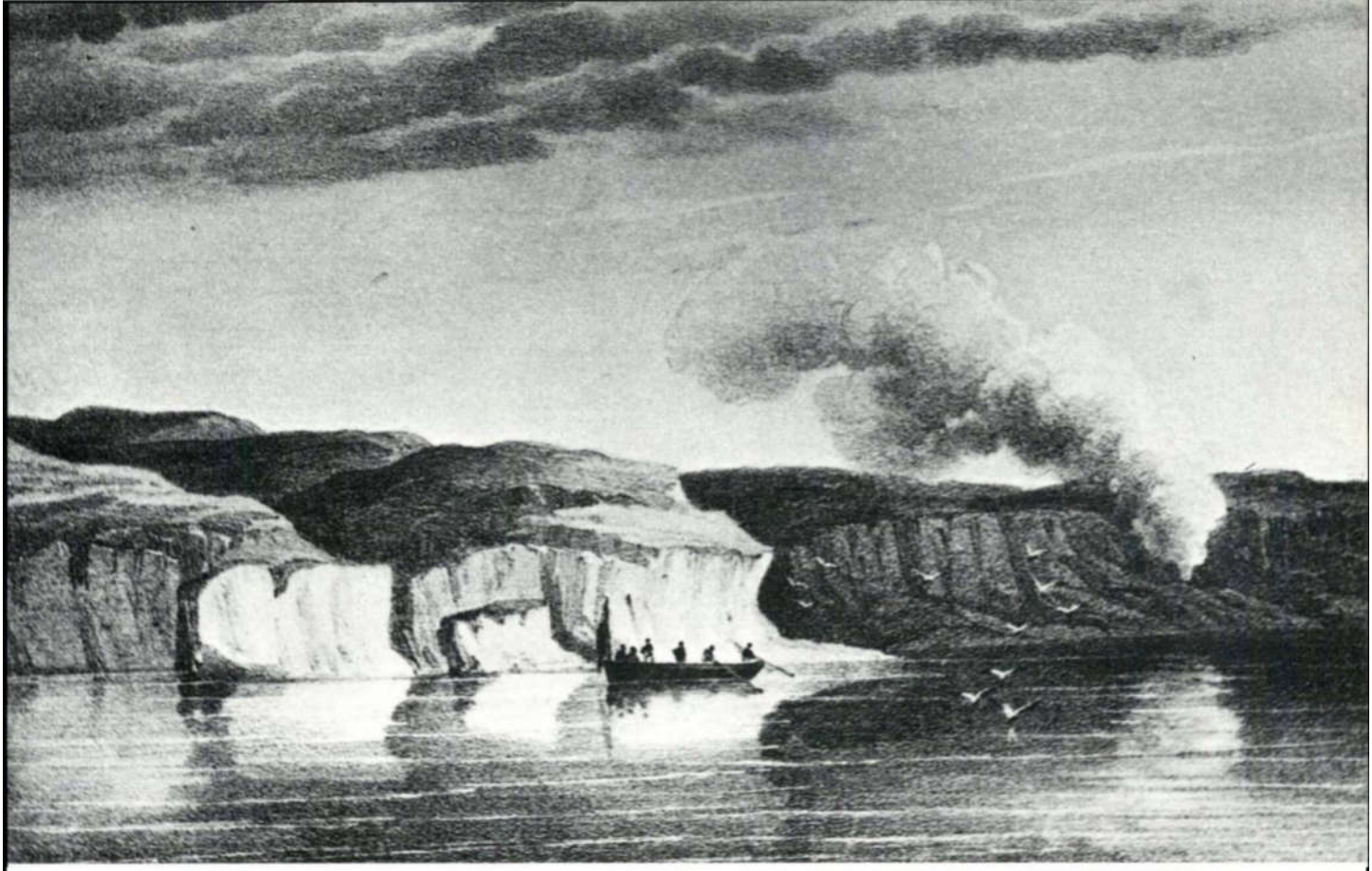
BY FLORA HAMILTON BURNS

H.M.S. *INVESTIGATOR*, Western Arctic, in search of Franklin:

"4 September [1850] (lat. 70° 6′; long. 126° 35′; temp. 39°) . . . Cape Bathurst is behind us; we are sailing close to the land into Franklin's Bay; towards evening we saw great thick smoke rising on land, and supposed that it was caused by natives. As it grew dark the captain ordered rockets discharged, but no light or fire was seen from the place where the smoke had appeared in daylight." (See map on page 30.)

"5 September (lat. 69° 51′; long. 126° 18′; temp. 40°) . . . In the night we had passed Horton River. As soon as it was day we perceived thick smoke rising in the same place as yesterday, . . . it was six to eight English miles away. . . . The captain ordered a boat to be lowered and sent Lieutenant Cresswell, Dr Armstrong, and me with seven sailors to examine this curious phenomenon. . . . After rowing for two hours we finally arrived at this great column of smoke and found neither tent nor man, but a thick smoke emerging from various rents in the ground, and a smell of sulphur so strong that we could not approach the smoke-pillar nearer than ten or fifteen feet. Flame there was none, but the ground was so hot that it scorched the soles of our shoes. There was no rock or stone in sight; the vertical coastline was composed of a fused mass like rubble, neither clay nor sand, but like a very soft pumice-stone, and in colour green, grey, brown, and mostly sulphur-coloured; where the smell was strongest the heated earth resembled a thick or tough dough; long oars were thrust into it, and each time the smell of sulphur was redoubled, but no flame could be seen; we counted thirty or forty smoke-pillars rising from the earth in different places: Alas, alas! that none of us had knowledge of chemistry; the whole place seemed to me like a huge chemical laboratory. We took samples of the particoloured dough or earth with us to the ship; but later to our sorrow we learned that our pocket-handkerchiefs in which we brought the specimens to the ship—and also the wood in which we laid them—were scorched. The captain, with whom we shared each type of earth, arranged them on the table in his cabin, and a little later was startled to find his splendid mahogany table burnt full of holes as if vitriol had been spilt on it. We disposed of our samples in thick-covered glasses. On other parts of the coast there was an appearance as of a brick-kiln; whole layers of burnt strata, a half-inch thick and varying in extent; very similar to tiled roofs, in colour reddish and also grey. In such places we found small reservoirs full of water which tasted sour."

So wrote Johann August Miertsching,* the young Moravian interpreter from Labrador, in his diary on H.M.S. *Investigator* in search of Franklin, 1850-54. Written in German, his diary has remained in the hands



COURTESY B.C. ARCHIVES

"Smoking cliff at the bottom of Franklin Bay", from a drawing by Lieutenant Cresswell who in 1850 went with Miertsching and Armstrong to investigate the phenomenon.

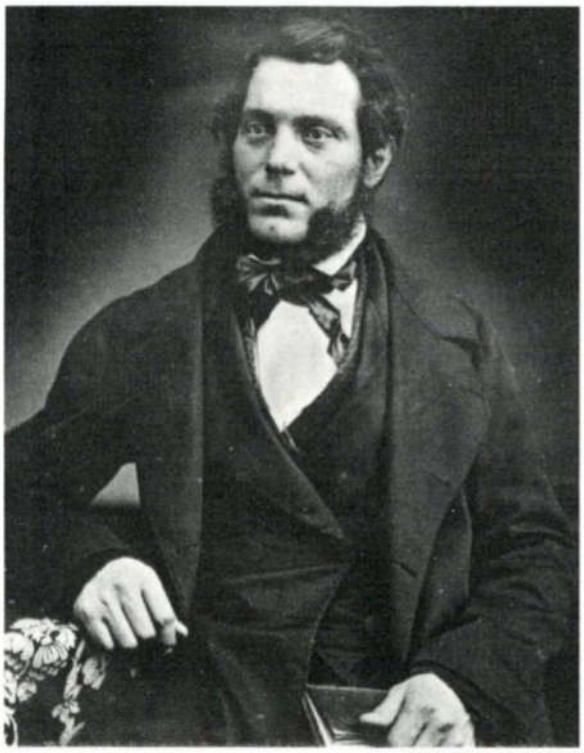
of his descendants until recently made available to Dr L. H. Neatby, then Head of the Classics Department at Acadia University, whose able and stimulating translation, *Frozen Ships*, was reviewed by the writer in the Autumn 1968 issue of *The Beaver*.

The *Investigator* was the first ship to trace the North American coastline from Bering Strait to Dolphin and Union Strait, and my curiosity was instantly aroused by the smoking pillars and by Miertsching's extraordinarily intuitive and prophetic words, "the whole place seemed to me like a huge chemical laboratory". Contrary to Miertsching's lament that none of the party had knowledge of chemistry, Dr Alexander Armstrong, M.D., F.R.G.S., surgeon and naturalist of the *Investigator*, gave such an exact and authoritative description of the strange phenomenon that it stands unchallenged today, but he could offer no explanation. In his book (published in 1857), *A personal narrative of the discovery of the North-West Passage*, the only other first-hand account of the voyage, Dr Armstrong stated in chapter eight:

". . . On the afternoon of the 4th [September, 1850] we were off the entrance of the river Horton . . . Smoke was observed some distance along the coast to the southward, which was anxiously watched, for any sign that could indicate the presence of human beings, apparently it proceeded from an ordinary fire.

"On the morning of the 5th, . . . smoke was again observed rising vertically against the dark back ground of the land. . . .

"Lieutenant Cresswell and myself [no mention of Miertsching as Dr Armstrong resented his inclusion as an officer and always ignored him] were despatched . . . to ascertain the truth. . . . When we approached the shore, there remained no doubt as to the entire absence of a fire; the smoke being entirely the result of chemical action in the soil—slender columns of it emanating from small mounds. . . On stepping out [of the boat] I sunk deeply into soft clay. I found that a land-slip had evidently taken place. The soil was of bituminous shale; clay and loam, of a red, black, and yellow colour were singularly blended together. Dense columns of smoke issued from miniature volcanic mounds; not from any well-defined crater, but from their top, into which a pole could be thrust, as if into a cavity—so little adherent were its particles—and large masses of lime and sulphur, variously combined with other elements of the soil, including alum and silenite, were then dug out in a burning state. Their surface appeared as if in a state of fermentation, from the light spongy nature of the soil, and so hot that we could not stand on it many minutes. These mounds formed quite a little amphitheatre, inclining from the sea at an angle of 45°, and elevated in



COURTESY L. H. NEATBY

Johann August Miertsching, interpreter on board H.M.S. "Investigator".

height from ten to thirty feet. Several of them were stratified with black and yellow alternately—clay and sulphur; and others had quite a laminated appearance, stood entirely detached, and were chiefly composed of dark, rich loam. In the intervening space between them, I observed numerous bright yellow lines, formed on the black surface, not more than half an inch deep; being sulphur deposited from the line of smoke, strongly impregnated the atmosphere. There were several small rills of running water, elevated in temperature, in various states of combination, with the substances mentioned, into which sulphuric acid entered largely, from its taste and action on cloth, and other substances with which it came in contact."

Assuming that after more than a century modern scientists would be aware of this occurrence on Canada's Arctic mainland, I took *Frozen Ships* and Dr Armstrong's *Narrative* to the provincial Ministry of Mines and Resources at Victoria. I met various leading geologists who were all keenly interested in the accounts, but none had ever seen or heard of this peculiar geological manifestation, and I was advised to write direct to Dr Yves Fortier, Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, with transcriptions of the two accounts. I did so, and received from Dr T. Potter Chamney, micropaleontologist at the Institute of Sedimentary Geology in Calgary, the following challenging communication, which he termed an interpretative report, to the best of his knowledge. He stated that Dr Armstrong's description was "amazingly accurate and the cause of the combustion still remains a complex chemical interplay" adding that "we must pursue this phenomenon in greater detail". I quote:

"The stratigraphic horizon involved in this phenomenon is the Bituminous Zone of the Upper Cretaceous series, possibly of Turonian age. As stated by Dr Armstrong the clay (shale) contains much sulphur (free and sulphides) alum, selenite and iron sulphides and oxides. The combustion appears to be started in slump blocks fallen off the consolidated, stratified exposures of this rock unit.

"It would appear that the air (oxygen) is then permitted to saturate the smaller fragmented scree which 'ferments' and becomes very earthy. The heat of chemical reaction and generation of sulphurous waters (acid) adds to the conflagration. In our Calgary laboratory the filter papers used in drying washed residues of this strata became charred to a dark brown color and had we not removed the powdered rock from the paper a combustion might have resulted. Dr C. J. Yorath of this Institute has conducted significant chemical research on the lithological content of the 'Bituminous' Zone and if a detailed chemical account is desired such correspondence should be directed to him. I have tested every sequential rock sample of my sections sampled on the Horton and Anderson Rivers near the Arctic Coast but to date there has been no positive indication of hydrocarbons using the

ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Lieutenant S. G. Cresswell's drawing of H.M.S. "Investigator" in the Pack, 8 October 1850, at which time she was in Prince of Wales Strait where she wintered.

carbon tetrachloride fluorescent cut method with ultra violet light."

Here, indeed, unnoted for 118 years, is Miertsching's "huge chemical laboratory", and his intuitive perception is now corroborated by Dr Chamney's profound analysis. To comprehend the full significance of Dr Chamney's report I sought the assistance of Dr James T. Fyles, of the provincial Department of Mineralogy in Victoria, who elucidated for me the primeval processes of world building, in operation for eons of time and still continuing, which present a dramatic picture of the creation and evolution of our planet, astonishing to the layman and challenging to the scientist. Dr Fyles states:

"The rocks which are burning today originated as mud or silt on the sea shore some sixty million years ago. Burial of these deposits transformed microscopic organisms trapped within them into combustible material, including free sulphur as well as sulphur combined with iron in the form of pyrites and as sulphates such as alum and selenite. After burial, the strata were uplifted by tectonic processes and the beds were brought to the surface and subjected to erosion. Burning has begun by spontaneous combustion as blocks of the strata break up and come in contact with the air."

More than a century has passed since Dr Armstrong and Miertsching examined the mysterious phenomenon on Franklin's Bay, and 142 years have elapsed since it was first observed by Dr John Richardson on Sir John Franklin's second Polar Expedition in 1826, and again by him in 1848, so it is startling to discover that the smoking pillars continue to pose their unanswered questions. Even in this age of aerial surveys, mechanical transportation and tremendous scientific research, this "huge chemical laboratory" still awaits further investigation by the most modern science of micropaleontology to completely unveil its secrets.

Long ago crushed beneath the arctic ice, *Investigator* still lives up to her name: having discovered two Northwest Passages, she has now disclosed to the enquiring minds of the micropaleontologists the singular activities of the smoking pillars of the Horton River. ◆

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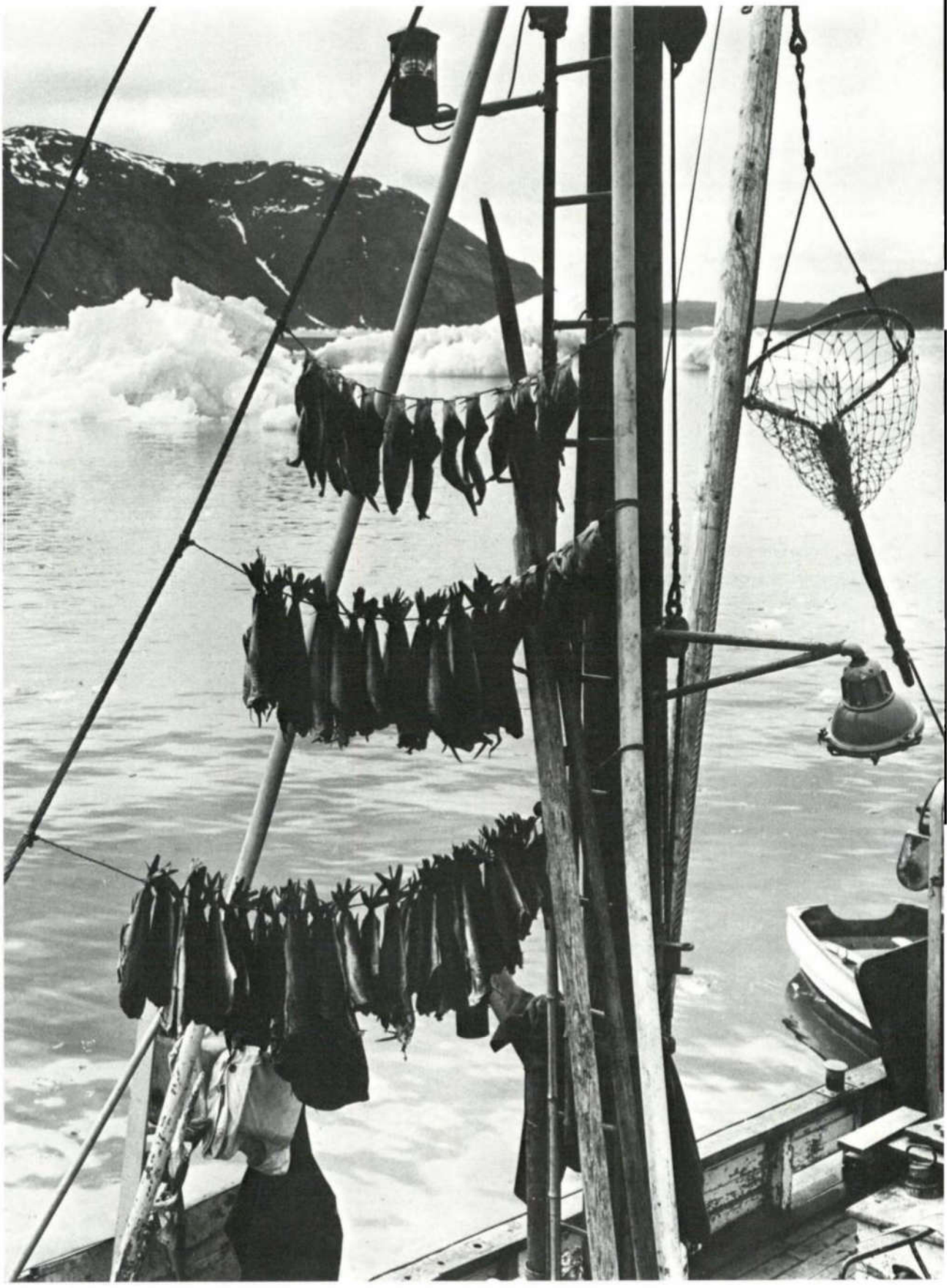
*From "Frozen Ships: The Arctic Diary of Johann Miertsching 1850-1854", translated by L. H. Neatby, by permission of The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited.



GREENLAND'S NEW ERA

STORY AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD HARRINGTON

GREENLAND is part of the North American continent, within twenty miles of our Ellesmere Island. Yet for all most Canadians know about it, Greenland might as well be north of the Himalayas.

The world's largest island, apart from Australia, is about two-thirds the size of our Northwest Territories (840,000 square miles compared to 1,304,903). Its population is not quite double (40,000 to 25,000).

Until the Second World War, the Danish government discouraged casual visitors. Even today when tourists are welcome, it is not a simple matter to visit Greenland. One may fly from New York to Iceland, and change plane for South Greenland, or travel to Copenhagen for regular Danish plane connections, as I did.

The Greenlanders constantly reminded me of my Eskimo friends in the Canadian Arctic. They had the same intelligent faces, ready smiles, shy curiosity combined with natural pride. While not understanding their guttural speech, I had often listened to it in igloos. Now a few remembered words drew a quick pleased response. We would have been quite at home on a dog-sled trip.

I had long been curious as to what was happening in Greenland, especially the attitude of Danes toward Eskimos.

To begin with, the Danes refer to the native population as "Greenlanders", and have assimilated with them for generations. A Dane in the Foreign Ministry summed up the new policy: "After considerable deliberation, we have decided to bring the Greenlanders to the identical high living standards that every Dane enjoys, and to do it in the shortest time possible."

That is the keynote in Greenland today. Of the world's great social revolutions and upheavals, Greenland's break with the past is perhaps the quietest. It never makes headlines. Nevertheless, the Danes are digging deep into their pockets to modernize their former colony and create in it a self-supporting economy linked with Denmark.

I asked a Danish administrator, "Now that you are doing so much for Greenlanders, will they not demand independence later?" My friend smiled. "Look, we're completely intermarried. We have no racist problems nor even tensions. We all have the same opportunities."

Many Danes become deeply attached to this vast island. They love the open vistas, the solitudes and friendships of frontier life. They have time to read, work, converse, and are not driven by modern stresses.

Danish artist Tony Bisgaard came to Narssaq three decades ago, and married a Greenland girl. He paints icebergs and people in his own stark mystic style. For ready cash, he creates ceramic tiles with Eskimo designs. His grown son brings his rosy-cheeked Danish wife and baby home to Greenland on vacations.

The racial mixture produces handsome offspring, sometimes startling. At Egedesminde, a passenger boarded the coastal ship. From the cameras and dangling tape-recorder, hair over his forehead and boyish face, I was certain he was a Japanese tourist. But no, he was a local youth. Another was a Hollywood type, smooth, dressy, Mongolian-featured. He was an actor in Danish television. Often my head swivelled, thinking I had caught sight of a Polynesian, Chinese, Mongolian or Korean.

In 1953 Greenland ceased being a Danish colony and became a province of Denmark. Head of the government is an elected governor, a Dane who represents the crown. The real authority lies with the Provincial Council, to which all 39 districts send a member. Popular vote elects two Greenlanders to the Danish *Folketing* (Parliament) in Copenhagen.

Deep-seated memories flooded back when I stepped out of the aircraft into pure champagne-like air. I had chosen to start in South Greenland, and landed at Narssarssuaq within sight of the ice-cap. During the war, this was the highly-secret U.S. Air Force base known as Bluie West 1. The grey concrete buildings are now empty, but a nucleus remains of typical arctic services. The "Valley of Silence", an extensive barracks hospital with connecting passages, is a grim reminder of the past. Thousands of American soldiers, hopelessly mutilated in the war, there lived out their remaining days. Narssarssuaq is the airport for the Julianehaab district

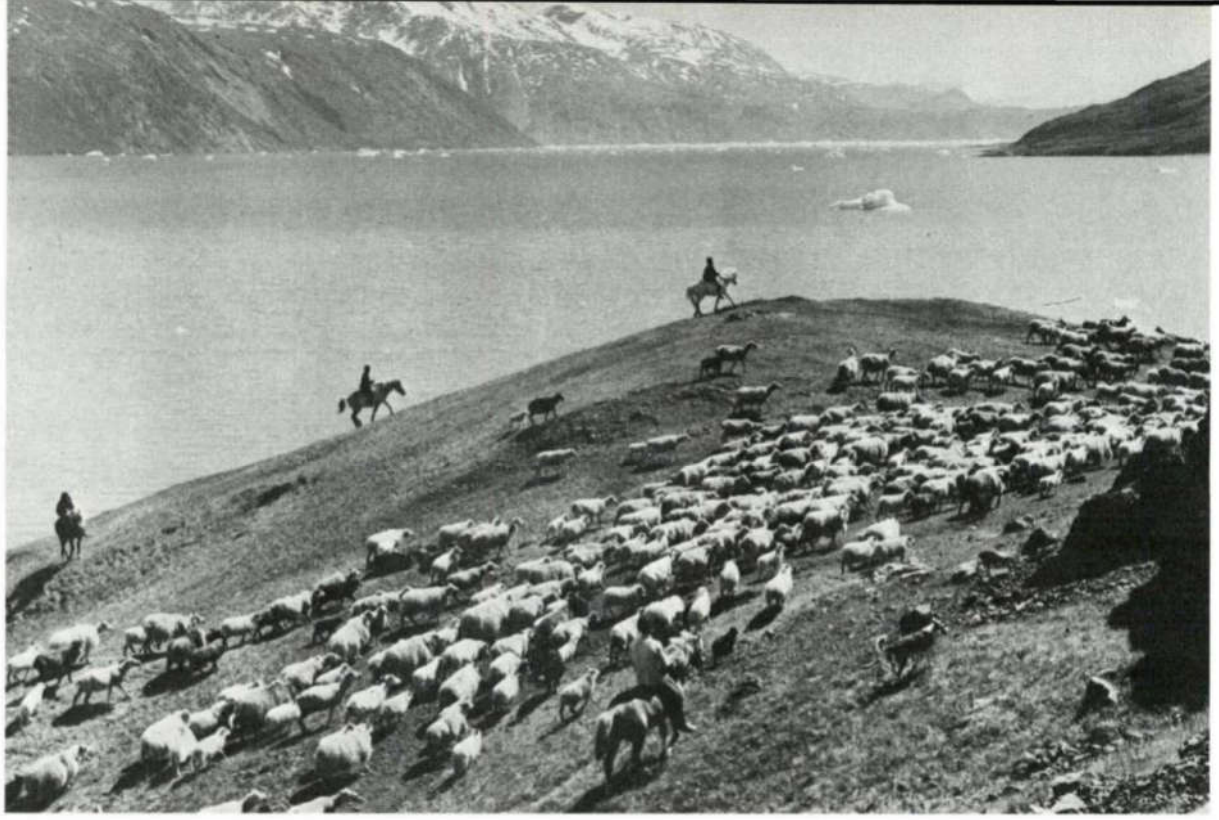
Opposite: Fish are being air-cured in the rigging of a fishing boat owned by a Greenlander; they are for the crew's consumption.

Richard Harrington's long interest in the North has been interspersed with photographic trips to many parts of the world but he recently headed again to the Arctic to investigate what is happening in Greenland today.

Part of the harbour at Godthaab, the modern capital, one of the two districts where the Norsemen settled nearly a thousand years ago.

The Lutheran church at Narssaq is a popular place on Sundays. The national dress worn by the woman and little girl, which is used only on special occasions such as this confirmation service, consists of a "tingmiak" with black skin collar and silk sash, over which is a wide beaded collar, sealskin trousers, and high embroidered skin boots.

The green land at Igaliko, near Narssaq in South Greenland, the district where Erik the Red and his colonists settled.



Beside Eriksfjord Greenlanders drive a flock of sheep to a corral for shearing, over pastures where the Norsemen raised sheep and cattle.

Ten minutes by motorboat from the airstrip, I visited the ruins of North America's first European settlement. Norsemen homesteaded here in A.D. 986, five hundred years before Columbus reached America. Outlawed from Iceland, Erik the Red sought a new home to the west. He found a sheltered valley where cattle and sheep could graze, and grain might be sown. Then he returned to Iceland for colonists. Publicity-wise, Erik called the new land, "Greenland", though this was the largest grassed area in a rocky land nine-tenths covered with ice. Twenty-five vessels set out from Iceland, but only fourteen survived the journey. They carried families, livestock, food, tools and seed grain. The crews dispersed along the coast and up Eriksfjord, in the present Julianehaab region. Erik called his steading "Brattahlid".

To this community, Erik's son Leif the Lucky brought news of Christianity, and from here he sailed southwest to land on the coast of North America. Here his bones were laid in peace, to be unearthed nearly a millenium later, along with the foundation of his father's house and his mother's chapel.

I sat on the stones where buttercups blew in the wind. Over the hill came the sound of bleating. Greenlanders on shaggy ponies were herding several hundred sheep to the corrals for shearing. They have revived the thousand-year-old industry in South Greenland. Bales of wool are exported to Denmark or used locally. Because of the difficulty of over-wintering sheep, some 18,000 are slaughtered each year, the sheepskins salted for export. This is done at the Narssaq cannery at the mouth of Eriksfjord. An integrated operation, workers turn quickly from fillet-freezing to shrimp-canning, to whalemeat packaging, to slaughtering.

The miniskirted sales girl works at a department store in Egedesminde where the jackets are displayed outside the store for quick sale.

Greenland's economy has narrow boundaries. Musk-oxen have been brought from Peary Land in the north, and Lapland reindeer established in some areas. Yet the economy must be geared to the sea, since the land is covered with ice, two miles deep in places. The Danes cleverly combine the limited resources with effective planning.

The warming seas have replaced seal with cod, and permitted a completely new industry along the west coast. Newly-trained crews operate dragger-nets which bring up northern prawns from depths of 1,000 feet or more. A gaunt Norwegian foreman showed me around the Narssaq cannery which gives employment to 200 irregular workers. Women filleted cod for quick-freezing, some 3,000 tons of it a year. Farther along, nylon-smocked girls deftly shelled prawns for canning. Rock-and-roll music rose triumphant above the clanking of machinery. In another section, men were parcelling whalemeat in 1-kilo (about 2.2 lb.) packets for local consumption and export to Scandinavia. The fishery provides Canada's one link with Greenland. A Newfoundland vessel makes monthly calls to several ice-free harbours to pick up fish products for the United States.

The government makes it easy for the Greenlander to acquire boats, nets, and living space. However, a Dane confided to me, "Greenlanders won't fish as many days as a Danish fisherman. They dislike being away from home the length of time needed for deep-sea fishing".

Some attempt has been made to develop a visitor industry. To date, it has not been very successful since outside interest in the arctic island is slender and tourist facilities scanty. Every community has a guest-house, every town a small hotel, both usually filled in summer with transient workmen. "But you'll never be without a bed," I was assured when I decided to stay several weeks longer. It was true. I slept at a hospital, in private homes, and in an apartment whose owner was in Denmark. The apartment was modern in all ways except the toilet. A heavy can, with a tight-fitting lid, stood outside the door, replacement for one in the bathroom. The cans are regularly collected, and carried by truck to the sea.

Head of the Narssaq hospital Dr Ole Berg was completely fluent in Danish, Eskimo and English. He has lived all his life in Greenland where his father was a Lutheran pastor. His conversation wins Greenlanders' trust and co-operation, and his jokes put them in stitches.

"For better or worse", Dr Berg told me, "the native population must be drawn into our way of life. Perhaps the old way was better. Certainly we thought of it as romantic, even heroic. But due to the diminishing seal population, many Greenlanders went hungry, and lived in disease and filth. Without a doubt, we can give such splendid people a healthier, sounder life."

From birth to death, Greenlanders share all Danish social benefits. A baby's pale Mongolian spots are patted lovingly by Greenland nurses' aides trained in Denmark. Finally in the Old People's Homes, the aged sit among house-plants, drink tea, play cards, and do handicrafts. I visited an old woman in the spotless room she shares with another grandmother. At a Danish-style table, she sewed a sealhide *kamik* (boot), and smoked a small cigar like matrons in Copenhagen.

"Do you miss your old village?" I asked. She smiled and shook her head. "No, I can see it across the bay from my window. All my people are here now, nobody there."

Most Greenlanders have moved from turf-and-stone houses into small clapboard homes, gaily painted, or into large centrally-heated apartment blocks. I expressed dismay over some shabby blocks at Holsteinsborg. "Well, you should have seen how they lived ten years ago!" a Dane countered. "They have improved very rapidly. We must help them extensively at first, and not be too critical."

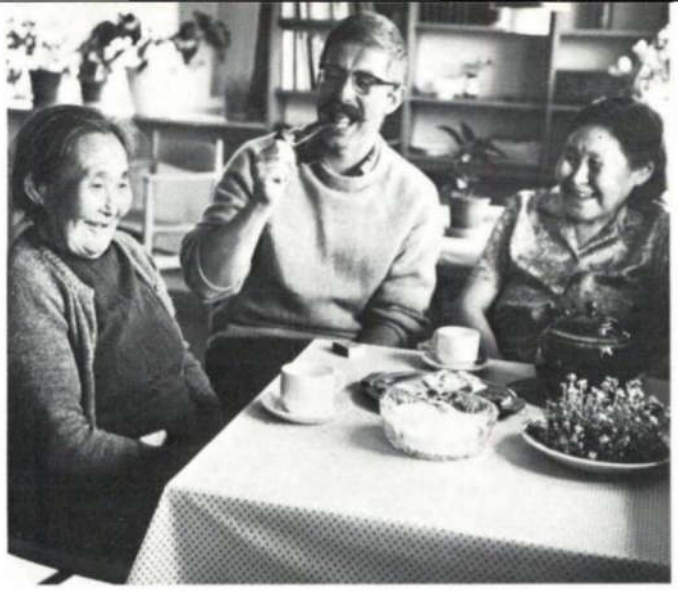
The women's traditional Greenland costume of fur pants, high embroidered sealskin boots and wide beaded bertha collars is expensive at $200, and reserved for special occasions. The girls take readily to the latest fashions. At Egedesminde, I trudged over stony ground behind one wearing a psychadelic miniskirt, green lace stockings, high pink plastic boots, and a good warm *anorak* (parka), the hood thrown up over her long black hair. She turned into a department store where she was a sales clerk.

It is not uncommon to see a miniskirted Greenlander comparing costs of Danish butter and margarine, while nearby a sealskin-booted fisherman pours coffee into an automatic grinder. Every store sells ice-cream, beer and spirits.

The department stores developed out of fur trading posts, as the Hudson's Bay Company did in the Canadian Arctic. The K.G.H. (Royal Greenland Trade Department) was founded in 1774 to run all commercial enterprises in Greenland. Nowadays it faces competition, and turns to supermarkets and department stores. A store-manager told me there was little pilfering. His main concern was over-drinking. Greenland does not put drunks in its one tiny jail in Godthaab, the administrative capital. The only social misdemeanours I saw in five weeks travel were two drunks leaning against one another, and a third sleeping on rocks.

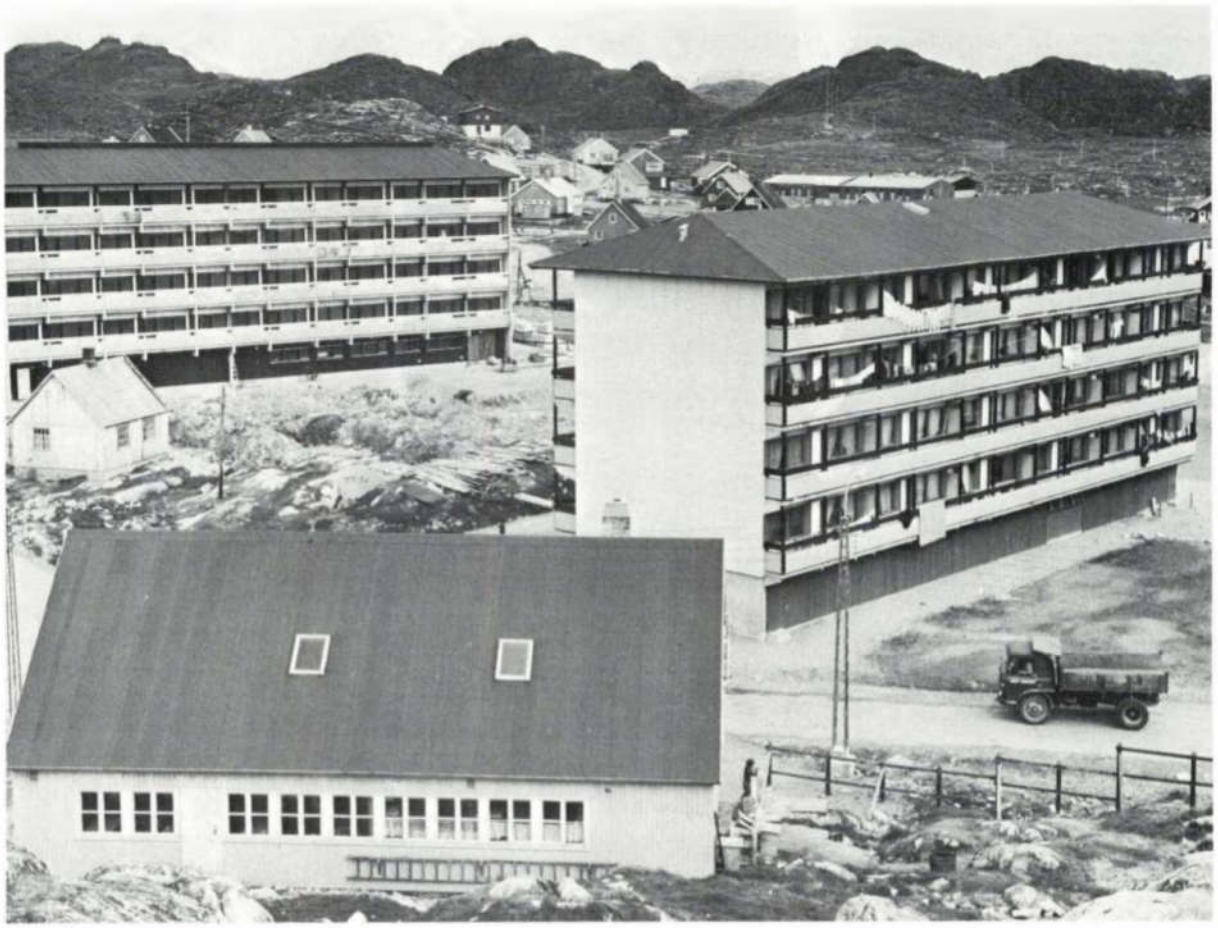
Unhappily, they shatter their bottles against the rocks. Non-returnable beer and soft-drink bottles are Dr Berg's bane. Children forever come to him with cut hands, feet, and faces. More serious is the explosive incidence of stubborn venereal disease. Annually there are several thousand infections and re-infections, for cheerful promiscuity still prevails. There is no stigma attached to births outside wedlock.

Since Greenlanders are coastal dwellers, they can all be reached by boat. For quicker local transportation, several helicopters carry passengers and mail. While costly to fly, they need only small pads for heliports which is an important item in such rugged terrain. They can also be used in winter when ice blocks navigation.



The Danes decided that centralization was the best means of providing social services to all. Coastal towns are now experiencing a building boom. Cranes, outlined by the midnight sun, lift concrete slabs into place. Pneumatic drills shatter the bedrock for drain-pipes. Greenland's largest building is in Godthaab, a six-storey apartment block, 450 feet long, containing 120 apartments.

An Old People's Home is a cheerful place. Here Dr Ole Berg talks with two inmates at tea time, surrounded with plants and books. In the supermarket a shopper compares prices of margarine and Danish butter.



New apartment blocks have been erected at Frederikshaab for fishermen, who have been brought in from the surrounding region. In foreground is the school; the small house behind it serves as playhouse and nursery.

Intermarriage in Greenland has been common for generations. The son of this couple, who wears wooden-soled boots, is carried by his father, a Danish construction worker.

The school curriculum includes Basic English. A beaming Boy Scout haltingly informed me he was going to the Scout Jamboree in Yellowknife. Danes and Greenlanders also teach handicrafts. I met a Greenland artist who dyed and wove local wool into carpets incorporating the northern lights in one of her designs.

The ships, *Disco Bay* and 2,264-ton *Kununguak* ply the west coast between Narssarssuaq and Upernavik, the round-trip taking fourteen days. They are neat passenger ships, carrying Greenlanders to schools or hospitals, workers to new projects, miners and archaeologists to new exploration areas, local Danes on little holidays, and tourists into the midnight sun.

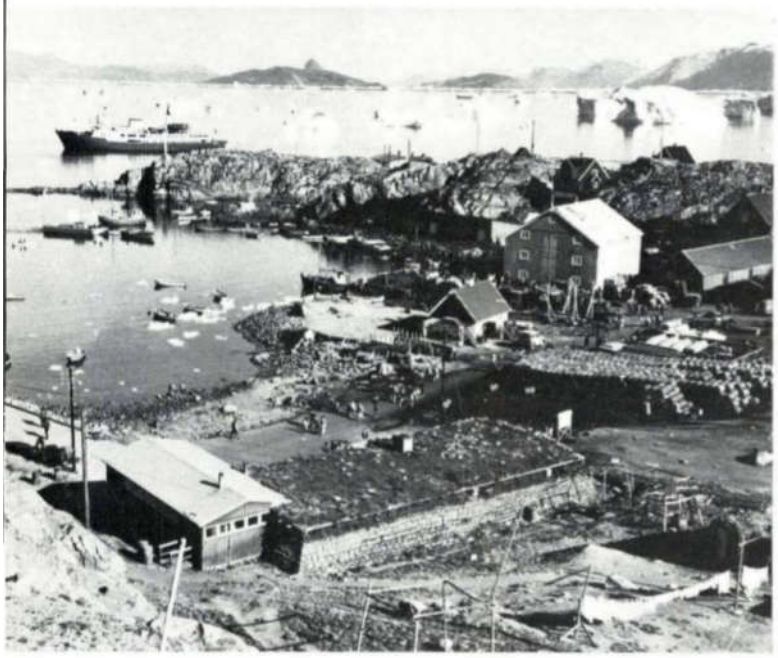
Danes and Greenlanders share in all the work. Apprentice-training is the principle, as in Europe. The Greenlander revving-up his bulldozer learns his craft in the shop before he steps into the driver's seat. He is proud to be a "workman", as opposed to a "worker" who knows only one facet of a job.

The scope of Denmark's Five-Year Plan for Greenland is indicated by a budget of $180 million to be spent between 1966 and 1970, on housing, factories, and facilities. Danes who live in Greenland for two years are exempt from income tax, an inducement to attract Danish settlers.

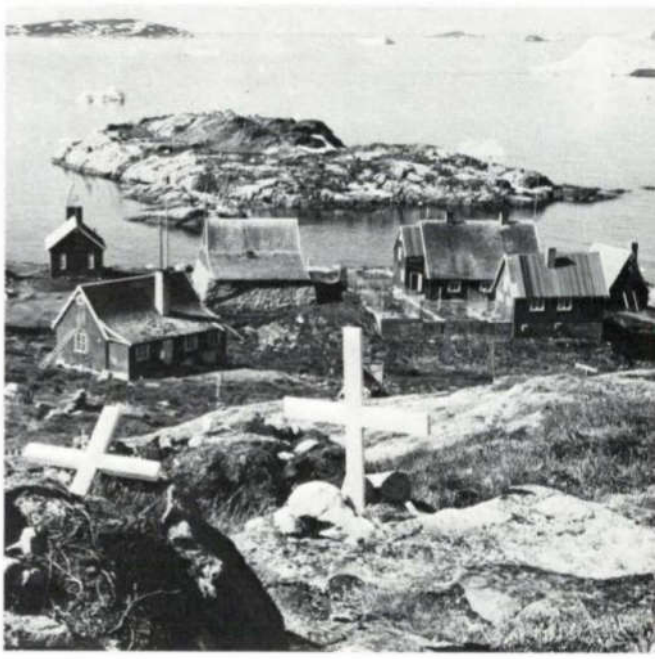
The ice-free towns of Godthaab, Frederikshaab, Sukkertoppen and Holsteinsborg naturally receive most attention. The Plan includes forty-two social welfare institutions, half of which are already in use. Some are homes for apprentices, youth residences, hostels for school children, a couple of orphanages, kindergartens, youth clubs, sports grounds, seamen's homes, assembly halls, technical and vocational training, libraries, a museum, canneries.

The Danes tackled their "quiet revolution" with typical thoroughness. The response is an unmistakable sense of well-being throughout Greenland. Many Greenlanders go to Denmark for advanced study, and all have relatives there. Certain Danish "Friendship Towns" offer home accommodation to Greenland students.

By 1969, Greenland will have 10,000 pupils in primary schools. Education is compulsory, and based on the Danish curriculum. Instruction for the first two years is in Danish, to give the pupils a solid foundation for later textbooks. From there, Eskimo is used increasingly. Greenlanders have long been literate, and are producing a small body of literature in Greenlandic.



The "Kununguak" has anchored beyond the point at Umanak in a typical North Greenland setting where in July there are still many icebergs. In the foreground is a stone-and-turf house.



At Upernavik, farther north than Pond Inlet on Baffin Island, a new settlement has been built. This is Old Upernavik and on the hill above the settlement are the graves, on the rock.

Kununguak means "Little Knud", an affectionate nickname for Knud Rasmussen, "Greenland's Truest Son". He is the Greenlander best-known to Canadian Eskimos. On his Fifth Thule Expedition, 1921-24, he crossed Arctic Canada from Greenland to Alaska. Information gathered on that rugged journey is now of classic value. "Little Knud" was also a good story-teller. Around Repulse Bay, I met Eskimos who remembered him vividly, and with laughter recalled his ribald stories. A plaque honours his memory in Jakobshavn, his native town.

In half an hour, two doctors and I walked from Jakobshavn to Kangia Glacier, a glittering, frozen river with mosquitoes swarming from its soggy margins. Moving at a speedy sixty feet a day, Kangia Glacier daily disgorges twenty million tons of ice into Davis Strait. Seawards, silent icebergs, governed only by their own laws, moved in stately progression to their dissolution in the Gulf Stream.

We passengers slept little on our journey north. The sun shone brightly: the air was crystal-clear: gleaming icebergs of ever-new and ever-interesting shapes passed. It was the most stark, majestic scenery I had seen in many years of travel. On the afterdeck, young Danish school teachers sunned themselves on rubber mattresses while our wake splashed against icebergs.

Again and again, I recalled impressions from my trips in the Canadian Arctic. Greenland is a wonderful place to walk. Within minutes, one is out of sight of houses. The hills are bare rocks, yet here too, many familiar arctic flowers bloomed.

Once I sat on a height behind Umanak, husky dogs eyeing me suspiciously. They are fed only once a week in summer. Yet their tails curled jauntily over their backs, proof of good condition. Below, I saw two medium-sized icebergs move silently toward one another, slowly and inexorably. They met head-on with a thundering crash and splintering. Then they separated, like two bruised antagonists nursing their wounds.

The entire population gathered when the *Kununguak* called at ports ice-bound much of the year. *Taxas* (taxis) waited for disembarking passengers. Greenland *politi* (police) in neat uniforms stood by their Landrovers. Passengers visited the local K.G.H. store to buy beadwork, *tupilaks* (Greenland ivory carvings), and drank coffee in self-serve cafeterias. Greenlanders we encountered wished us a quick, shy "*Tag*" (good-day).

Every small community seemed thriving, such as Upernavik, our most northerly destination. In Old Upernavik, cotton grass and arctic poppies fluttered among the graves laid on top of the bedrock, among them that of Peter Freuchen's Eskimo wife. The new settlement has a spacious hospital, several taxis for as many miles of road, shops including a bakery that produces delicious Danish pastry. The water is too cold for fish, and seals are still hunted.

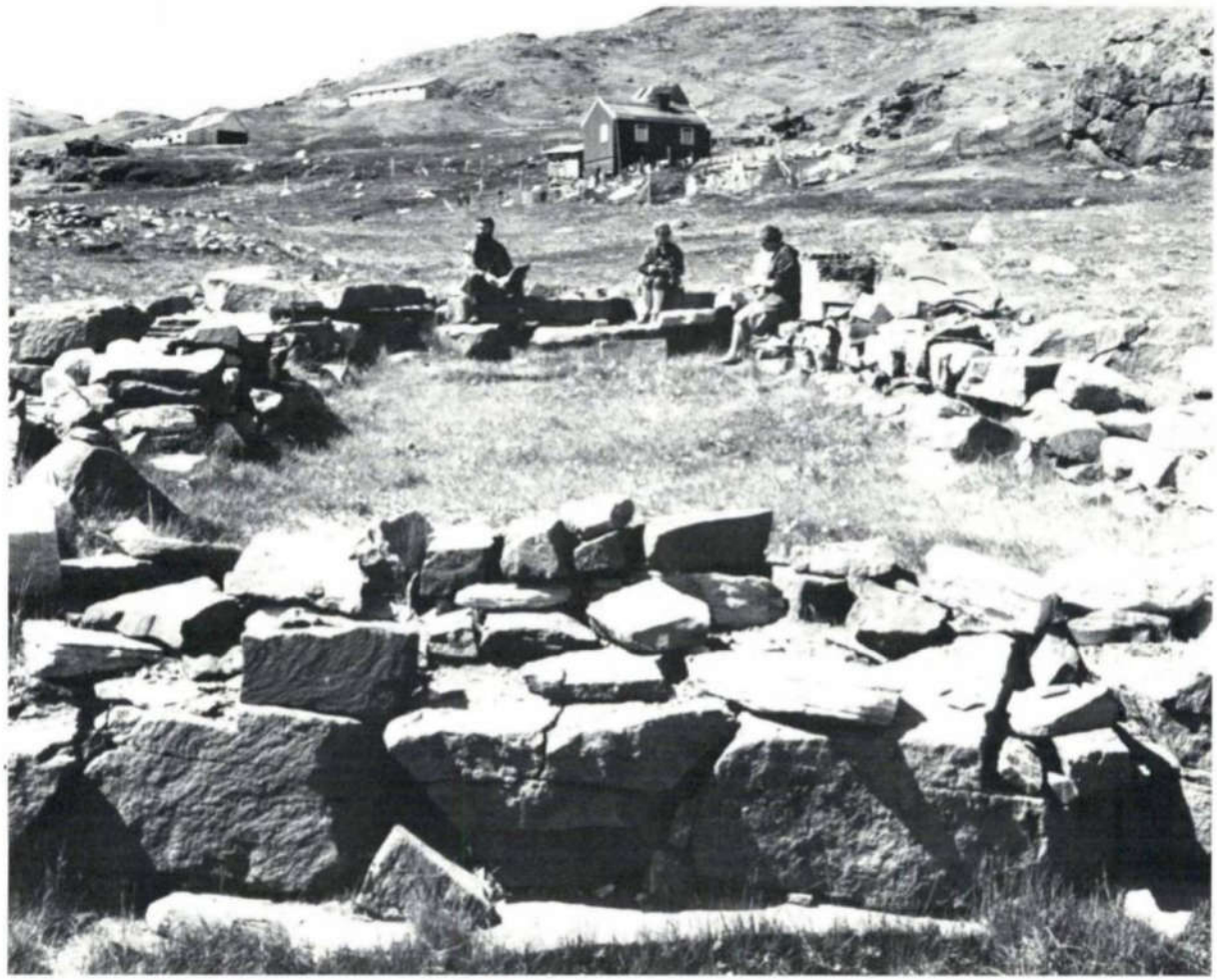
"What do people do for a living?" I asked a big-boned blond Danish construction worker. He grinned. "Search me! Cut each other's hair, I guess."

Aboard the immaculate *Kununguak*, I share a cabin with a Hungarian doctor from the World Health Organization. Dr Gonda had visited the Northwest Territories, and now he reached the conclusion that Greenlanders were better off than Canadian Eskimos. Their long contact with Europeans, their intermarriage and assimilation with Europeans, their visiting back and forth via a fleet of regular sailings, and finally the character of the Danish people themselves, all made development a social, not political, problem. The Danish approach to Greenland's conditions could not readily be duplicated in the Canadian Arctic. For one thing, most Greenlanders live along the southern half of the west cost, all accessible by sea instead of far inland.

I found it interesting that an Alaskan Eskimo, studying social welfare in Greenland, had difficulty in understanding the local variant of the language. Greenlanders listen eagerly to radio broadcasts in Eskimo originating in Frobisher Bay, Baffin Island. Those I questioned were keenly interested in contacting their Canadian cousins across Davis Strait, to discuss mutual improvement of arctic life.

Danish business men living in Greenland deplored the fact that no direct air service links Narssarssuaq with Montreal or Gander. They believe it would create an exchange of serious visitors. Administrative personnel and business men could meet more easily. Most Danes speak good English. They have nothing to conceal and much to be proud of in Greenland. Cultural exchanges from which all would benefit would do much to melt the "Ice Curtain" which at present separates people of the same culture. ◆

Excavations at the site of the first European settlement in North America. These are the remains of the community church at Brattahlid, the homestead of Erik the Red.



A DISGRACEFUL PROCEEDING

Intrigue in the Red River Country in 1864

BY ALAN R. WOOLWORTH

IN 1864 two Sioux Indian warriors known as Little Six and Medicine Bottle were illegally abducted from the Canadian Red River country by American military men acting in concert with Canadian settlers. Subsequently, the Indians were tried and executed. The story of these two warriors is set against the background of a larger tragedy—the Minnesota Massacre or Sioux Uprising of 1862. Although the tale is but an episode in the larger conflict, it graphically illustrates the age-old conflict of cultures and the violent clash of two ways of life. It is also a story of intrigue and treachery.

The threads of the story are snarled and confused like a skein of yarn tossed about by Fate. To unravel them let us turn back to the Minnesota River valley in August of 1862. At that time, some 6,000 uncivilized Sioux Indians were living in limited reservations along the Minnesota River. They were hemmed in by white settlement. A crop failure in 1861, little food, and overdue treaty payments of money and goods, had left them in a sullen mood. Only one violent act was needed to commence a war.

A few wandering Sioux hunters casually murdered a number of white settlers, and on 18 August 1862 hundreds of warriors launched an attack on their white neighbours which grew to such proportions that twenty western Minnesota counties were swept free of settlers and perhaps 600 Whites killed. Once begun, the Sioux Uprising of 1862 did not cease. It was the start of continual Sioux-White warfare which lasted for nearly thirty years until the final tragic massacre of largely unarmed Indians at Wounded Knee in South Dakota in 1890.

By late August of 1862 the Minnesota and Red River valleys were swept clean of white settlement from Fort Abercrombie to New Ulm, a distance of about two hundred miles. Two American Army posts—Fort Abercrombie on the Red River, and Fort Ridgely on the Minnesota River, were besieged by Sioux warriors. In the short, desperate weeks of August and September that year hundreds of human dramas were enacted and the foundations for volumes of legends laid.

American military reaction to these events was ponderous but sure. A series of pitched battles broke Sioux military power and substantial Indian occupation of western Minnesota was forever ended. By December the major phases of the Sioux Uprising in Minnesota had ended. Thousands of Sioux fled the Minnesota River valley and were pursued like wild animals over the prairies of Dakota Territory to the west and northward. Some two thousand other Sioux were made captives and were deported to an inhospitable land along the Missouri River in Dakota Territory.

On 26 December 1862, thirty-eight Sioux men convicted of murder or atrocities against women were hung at Mankato, Minnesota, in the largest legal hanging in North American history. This retribution did not mark an end to white vengeance. A wave of fear swept over western Minnesota. White survivors of the Uprising imagined that thousands of mounted Sioux would swoop down on them from the western prairies in the summer of '63. Hastily armed militia companies were placed in rude garrison outposts beyond the frontier to deal with this threat which never materialized.

For their part, most of the Sioux had had enough of Minnesota, and knew that they would be pursued by troops into Dakota Territory. A number of them sought a safer sanctuary in the Red River country. Shortly after the start of the Sioux Uprising the Governor and Council of Assiniboia, the political division of Rupert's Land immediately north of the International Boundary, realized that American military forces would drive the Sioux from Minnesota. Many of them would flee to the Red River area; that defenceless outpost did not even have a police force. Therefore, a petition was sent to the British Government requesting troops to protect the Red River settlements. In March of 1863, area settlers petitioned the Governor and Council of Assiniboia to organize cavalry companies of several hundred men to protect them until the British troops arrived. This petition was denied by the Council, which believed that the danger was not imminent, and that the cost of such an operation was not warranted. Eventually, the British Colonial Secretary stated that the Crown was in no way responsible for the safety of Rupert's Land. No troops would be sent unless the Hudson's Bay Company would assume all expenses. Thus the matter was dropped.

Alan Woolworth is curator of the museum of the Minnesota Historical Society in St. Paul. Photographs by courtesy of the Society.

At about the same time, the government of the United States requested the British government to prevent the sale of arms or ammunition to any Sioux Indians who might seek refuge in Rupert's Land. The Crown and Company complied with this request. Fear grew daily in the Red River country, and the settlers were relieved by news that U.S. troops would be stationed at the International Boundary. Obviously, they had much to gain by the presence of friendly soldiers.

In an effort to prosecute the war against the Sioux with vigour, an independent battalion of cavalry under Major Edwin A. C. Hatch was raised in the later summer of 1863. This unit was ordered to Pembina on the Red River of the North to defend the border against incursions by hostile Sioux who had fled there. Among these Indians were eight or nine warriors who were notorious for the murders and atrocities they had allegedly committed during the Uprising. Frontier Minnesotans had a great desire to see these Indians punished.

Hatch's battalion left Fort Snelling, Minnesota on 5 October 1863, and arrived in Pembina in a bedraggled condition on November 13th. The 400 mile march was made in the midst of winter with its high winds, heavy snows, and low temperatures. When the men at last reached Pembina, they began to build a log cantonment, but it was not completed until late December. Fierce sub-zero temperatures set in, and a low of sixty degrees below zero was recorded on 1 January 1864.

Despite their eagerness to kill Indians, this unit fought only one battle against the Sioux. Some twenty troopers surrounded a small Sioux camp near St Joseph, about forty miles west of Pembina on 15 December 1863 and killed several Indians.

About thirty-five Red River settlers enlisted in Hatch's unit as mounted rangers. Once the battalion was established at Pembina, it came to be regarded as something of a mixed blessing. Though the Americans provided a ready market at high prices for the settlement's products, they also caused frightened Sioux to leave their winter encampments on the Dakota plains. They fled northward by the hundreds and gathered in the Red River Settlement. A regional newspaper, *The Nor'Wester*, stated:

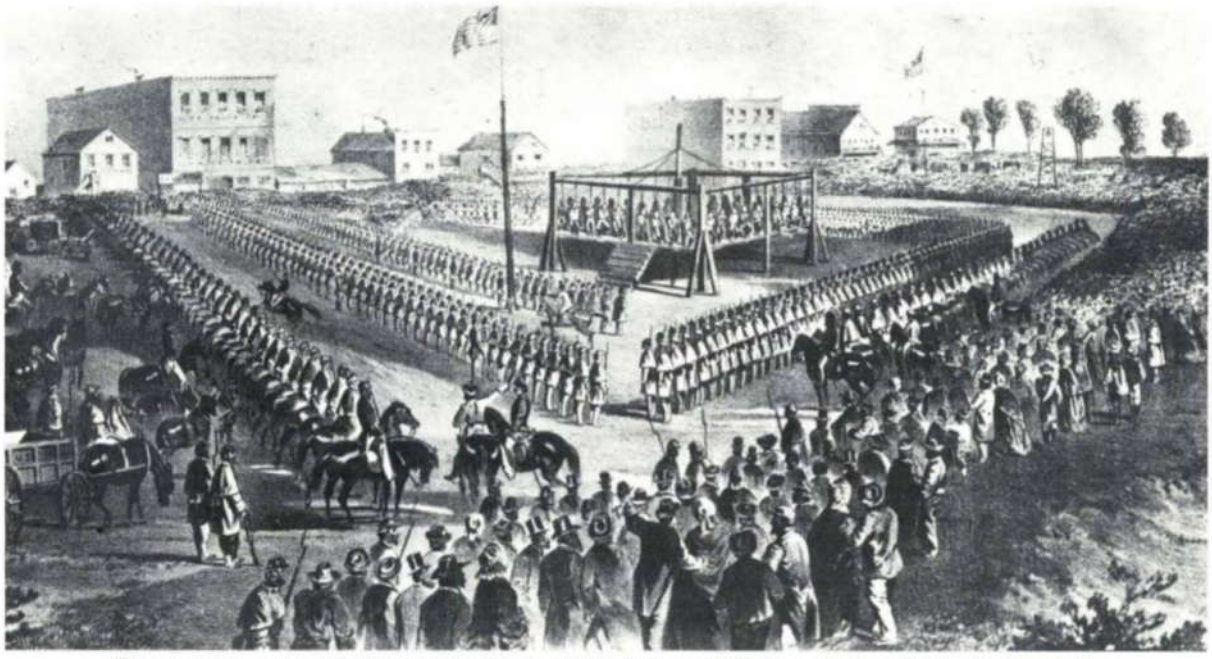
"Meet anybody, now a-days, and the topic is at once, The Sioux, The Sioux! Are there any more in? Have any gone away? What are they coming for? Are these the actual murderers, or are they merely aiders, abettors and accomplices? How many are there of them?"

"These questions are answered thusly:

"They are coming in multitudes—men, women and children—'bag and baggage'—Without any special object apparently, beyond getting something to eat and escaping the hated 'long-knives'."

The Sioux naturally, wished food and a sanctuary from the Americans, and the defenceless Red River settlers were overwhelmed by this influx of some 600 hungry, wild Indians. The climate was ripening for action against these refugees.

A. G. B. Bannatyne, a Red River settler who had a contract to furnish feed to the battalion's horses, wrote to Major Hatch on 19 December 1863 to the effect that the refugee Sioux claimed only nine "murderers" were amongst them. They would be willing to surrender along



The mass execution of thirty-eight Sioux at Mankato in 1862 became the subject of a postcard.

with the wanted men provided they all were fed and those guilty were punished only after proof of their guilt. Quite apparently, the Sioux were hungry and demoralized.

Governor Dallas was driven to desperate measures by the Sioux influx. In an effort to get them out of his district, he violated his orders from the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company and gave them food and ammunition on the promise that they would use the ammunition only for hunting. He was even driven to provide transportation to move them away from the settlement. The unwanted guests left on Christmas Day 1863 with goods valued at from three hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds, but went only to White Horse Plains, about 25 miles west of Fort Garry. Here they apparently settled down for the winter. This was scant consolation to the settlers. If the Sioux became hungry, they would be forced to steal and kill cattle for food.

Soon the Red River settlers were clamouring for American intervention to rid themselves of these unwanted hordes. Governor Dallas and the Council of Assiniboia gave permission for the American military unit to enter negotiations with the Sioux. Unfortunately, Major Hatch would deal with the Sioux chiefs only on the basis of "unconditional surrender". Not unnaturally, the wanted warriors, such as Little Six, Medicine Bottle and others would not willingly exchange their sanctuary for a hangman's noose.

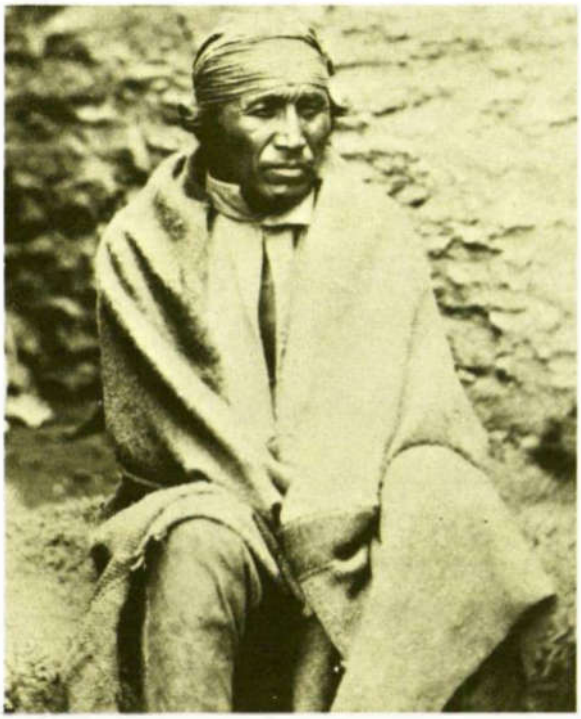
On 4 January 1864, forty-two Sioux surrendered and were confined as prisoners of war at Pembina. Later in the month, forty-nine more Sioux gave themselves up. Major Hatch was in search of bigger game, however, and though he had no official instructions to do so, he pressed matters to gain possession of the notorious Little Six (Shakopee or Sakpe) and Medicine Bottle (Grey Iron or Tateicasnamani), plus six other men who were wanted for murders and atrocities committed during the late Uprising. His actions set into motion a train of events which led to international complications of a major nature. The stage was now set for the most dramatic incident in this aftermath of the Sioux Uprising of 1862—the capture of Little Six and Medicine Bottle.

John H. McKenzie, photographed in February 1864.

The major conspirators have left their own bald account of their role in the drugging and abduction of these two Indians. Let us read their words: "Pembina, D.T., January 21, 1864. Being as there have been so many contradictory statements afloat regarding the capture of the noted Sioux chiefs and warriors, Little Six and Grey Iron [Medicine Bottle] we, the identical persons who decoyed them from their friends and entraped them, deem it necessary to make the plain statements of the manner in which they were taken . . ."

On Christmas Day of 1863, one of Hatch's officers carried a letter to John H. McKenzie, a citizen of the U.S. residing in the Red River Settlement. In it, he was asked to assist in the capture of the Indians. He was told "that it would be hundreds of dollars in his pocket if he would enter into this business with a whole soul, and that he must leave the matter [of a reward] to the honor of Major Hatch and the government." McKenzie agreed and commenced the project with zeal.

Hatch now took the initiative by sending messages to settlers in the Red River Settlement regarding their assistance in forcing the Sioux to leave their haven. About January 1st he wrote to Andrew Bannatyne of Fort Garry as follows: "If the Sioux Indians now at Red River settlement desire peace, and will deliver up to me Little Six and eight others of the principal murderers, I will allow the remainder of them to camp near here, [Pembina] . . . and will feed them until I can learn what further disposition the government of the United States wishes to make of them. . . . Unless the above murderers are surrendered no others will be well received."



Little Six as a prisoner at Fort Snelling.

Medicine Bottle, also as a prisoner.

Mr Bannatyne had the contract to furnish Hatch's battalion with horse feed, and was also eager to furnish McKenzie and his associates with teams and provisions sufficient to transport the whole band of Sioux to Pembina. This letter was delivered about January 14th. On the following day, the plot to capture the "murderers" was well underway. McKenzie and his friend, Onisime Giguere drove to the fugitive Sioux camp west of Fort Garry. Great excitement prevailed among the Indians when they learnt that McKenzie had a letter for them and wished to hold a council.

At about 9 o'clock on the morning of the 16th, the chiefs and braves of the Little Six, Little Crow, and Little Leaf bands were assembled. John McKenzie addressed them through Onisime Giguere who spoke Sioux quite well. The Sioux chiefs were not receptive to overtures that they and their followers go to Pembina. Little Six insulted McKenzie by saying that he was a great chief, and McKenzie of no great importance.

Little Six said that all of those Sioux who "want to shake hands with the Yankees have gone to Pembina". None of his band would do such a thing. The other chiefs were less firm about this matter. One of them said that Governor Dallas had promised that they could live on English soil so long as they behaved themselves. The Governor had promised them protection, and he provided them with three bags of pemmican each day. General feeling amongst the Sioux was that they would be wise to stay out of the reach of the American troops.

McKenzie then asked if they intended to continue to make war on the Yankees, but the Sioux would not make any definite statements about their future actions. With his overtures rejected, McKenzie now used his long friendship with Little Six to entice him to visit his home near Fort Garry. He also resorted to different tactics by asking Mr Lane, a British distributor of rations to the Indians, to use his suasion. McKenzie said: "Mr. Lane as long as you give rations to these Indians, we can never bring them to terms. Can you not say to them that you are going to stop their rations?" Mr Lane demurred, but addressed the Sioux as follows: "You had better consider the offer of these men and return with them. I do not know how soon your rations will be stopped."

Giguere and another interpreter translated these words differently to suit their own ends by saying: "You had better return to the Americans, your rations will soon be stopped."

On hearing these words, Little Six became very excited and said that he would go to see the Governor about this matter. Shortly thereafter, he and Medicine Bottle talked with McKenzie and Giguere and were persuaded to accompany them back to Fort Garry. Little Six also asked for whisky, and was told that he could have some when they reached McKenzie's house; this pleased the chief.

About nightfall they set out for Fort Garry. Little Six rode with John McKenzie, Medicine Bottle with Giguere. En route, they stopped at a settler's house for a meal, and then continued onward. The Indians now asked to stop at the home of a settler named "Jimmy McKoy" whom they liked, but were lured into continuing the trip to McKenzie's house by a promise of liquor on their arrival.

A promise was also made that they would return to McKoy's for a visit the next morning. McKenzie and Giguere made this revealing statement about the averted visit to McKoy: "*Thus we escaped very narrowly with our prey, for had they seen Mr. Mc Koy we would never have got them any further: they were unconscious that they were already our meat, and had they attempted to leave us, they never would have got more than ten feet from our cutters.*" (Italics by A.R.W.).

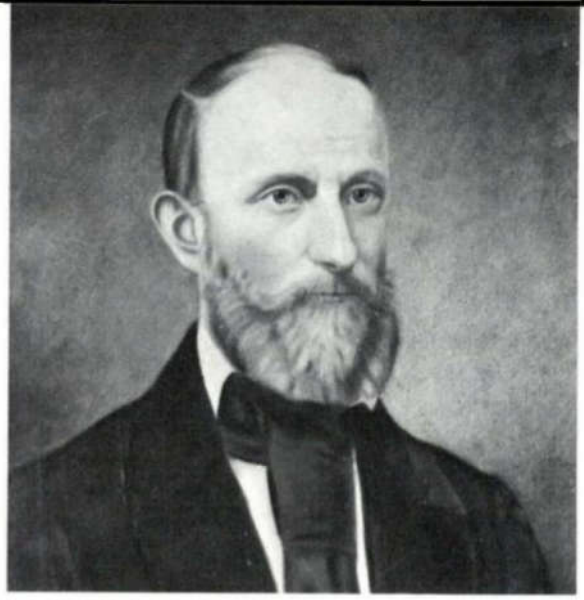
About midnight, they arrived at McKenzie's house. He made "a good jug of toddy" and all drank freely. After eating, the Sioux were content. When they lay down to sleep McKenzie went over to Andrew Bannatyne's to inform him of the situation and to obtain fresh horses for the trip to Pembina with their unsuspecting prisoners. When morning came, the conspirators had great trouble preventing the Indians from returning to visit their friend, McKoy, and succeeded only by saying that it would give great offence to make visits to homes on Sunday. The Indians were now plied with more toddy. Andrew Bannatyne furnished some laudanum, an opium derivative, to put in the drink. Later in the day, Bannatyne served drugged wine to them.

Much of the afternoon was spent in persuading the Indians to drink more, for once they were helpless they would be tied hand and foot and taken to Pembina some 70 miles south. Eventually, Little Six became unable to walk, but Medicine Bottle would not drink so much and did not become intoxicated. When McKenzie found that the Sioux were about as drunk as they could be made, he hired a settler named D. L. Kingsley (a former Minnesotan who had the reputation of being courageous) to assist in tying and carrying the prisoners to Fort Pembina. Andrew Bannatyne also had a party of his neighbours waiting to assist. Apparently, many of the Red River settlers were eager to dispose of their unwanted visitors.

At about 9 o'clock on the evening of January 17th, Little Six became unconsciously drunk. Giguere coaxed Medicine Bottle away from his companion as he wanted to separate and tie them one at a time. Once Giguere and Medicine Bottle had left his house, McKenzie disarmed Little Six of his "long scalping knife with which he boasts having butchered women and children on the Minnesota frontier". His pipestone pipe was laid away as a remembrance of the capture. McKenzie then breathed a sigh of relief and paused to rest briefly until Bannatyne and other neighbours came in.

A handkerchief soaked with chloroform was applied to the chief's face to be sure that he would not waken. He was then tied hand and foot and lashed onto a dog sled covered with buffalo robes. McKenzie, accompanied by Kingsley, then started for Pembina with his captive.

Medicine Bottle was now brought back to the McKenzie house where he was seized about the body by a Mr Jaguish and others. After a short struggle he was bound and placed on a sled. Giguere started out in triumph with his prey. He overtook McKenzie in a few miles, and the two elated conspirators continued to Fort Pembina.



Major Edwin A. C. Hatch.

When they were about half way, Little Six regained consciousness. He called out in Sioux: "My friends, my friends," but no one answered. Then he began to call out to Giguere and McKenzie, saying he recognized McKenzie's voice, but neither answered. Eventually McKenzie uncovered the chief's face so that he could speak freely. Upon being asked where he was going, the chief replied, "to the Yankee fort". As they drew near Pembina, he begged them to release him, but McKenzie mocked him by repeating the insulting words the chief had said to him two days before. The conspirators and their "prey" reached Fort Pembina about noon on January 18th and delivered their prisoners to Major Hatch who confined them in the guard house.

On 22 January 1864, John H. McKenzie and Onisime Giguere appeared before John B. Bottineau, Justice of the Peace for Kittson County, Dakota Territory, and made affidavits to the effect that the facts in the foregoing narrative were true. This statement, comprising ten pages, was ordered printed by the Minnesota State Legislature on 1 February 1867. Apparently this was to justify payment of state funds totalling $1,000 to these two men for the capture and delivery of Little Six and Medicine Bottle.

No doubt the isolated troops at Fort Pembina rejoiced at the capture of these much hated Sioux Indians. A correspondent at that forlorn spot reported: "This has been a big day for Pembina. The paymaster arrived last night, and Little Six and another chief called Medicine Bottle, were brought in as prisoners of war. They were captured by a brilliant strategic manoeuver by an American, named J. M. M'Kenzie, formerly at Hutchinson, Minnesota, and a Canadian Frenchman, Mr. Gyere [Giguere] aged 22 years, from Contecoeur, C.E."

Governor Dallas wrote to Lord Lyons, British Foreign Secretary, on 25 February 1864: "We have, of course, no complaint to make against the Americans, the capture

having been effected by British Subjects. The whole proceeding is very disgraceful, as 'Little Six' was simply a refugee in our Territory, against whom no complaint had been made officially, and his capture may lead to retaliation."

After the capture of these Indians, the American government tried to force the British to take more decisive action against those Sioux remaining in the Red River country. The U.S. State Department objected to the British policy of feeding the refugee Sioux and said: ". . . the Indians should either be restrained from making hostile incursions into United States territory, or United States troops should be allowed to pursue, subdue, and disperse them."

With two birds in his bag, Major Hatch's appetite was whetted for more. He connived and fretted through the winter and early spring of 1864 searching for a means to get at the rest of the Indians. More plotting was done with a number of the Red River settlers to either drug or forcefully capture them, but this was sheer fantasy as the settlers could not have drugged hundreds of Sioux, nor did they have the force to remove them by arms.

In March of 1864, Hatch made a formal request to Governor Dallas for permission "To pursue and capture these savages, with an armed force, wherever they may be found." At his wits' end and under continual pressures from his people, the Governor complied with this request. Hatch, however, did nothing as he had received prior orders from General Henry H. Sibley, his superior, forbidding him to cross the International Boundary. The entire matter had been placed under the control of the U.S. State Department.

By now the Sioux threat had largely disappeared. Hatch's battalion embarked on the steamboat, *International* on 5 May 1864 for the voyage up the Red River to Fort Abercrombie. The unit was no longer fit for military service. Most of their horses had died during the savage winter and morale must have been low. A month later, little was left to show of their occupation of the area aside from "Dozens of unfinished houses" outside the walls of Fort Pembina. Nearby lay the bleaching skeletons of their horses.

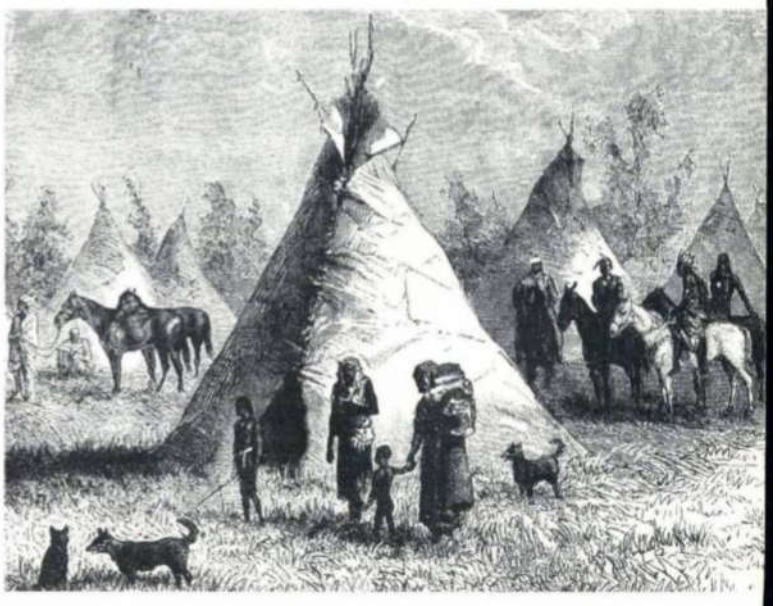
Little Six and Medicine Bottle were taken along with the troops and were kept at Fort Abercrombie for a short time. Thereafter, they were taken under guard to Fort Snelling, arriving on 27 May. The two Sioux were kept as prisoners there for seventeen months, until their execution on 11 November 1865. During this time, they provided a tourist attraction and topic of conversation for visitors. A young girl who lived nearby commented: "In our play about the parade ground we often watched with frightened delight the two captive Indians, leaders in the Sioux War, each dragging a cannon ball chained to his left leg, while under guard he swept the walks." Little Six made a favourable impression as he was intelligent and told interesting tales. Medicine Bottle was however, "a coarse brutal creature who often showed visitors his arm which was tattooed with symbols indicating the men, women, and children, he had scalped."

When the men were arraigned on November 1864 on charges of murder and participation in the Sioux Uprising very little direct evidence could be found to implicate either of them. The most damning testimony was from witnesses who had heard the prisoners boast of the murders and atrocities they had committed. A spirited defence was conducted for the Indians by two prominent local attorneys. A major point of their argument was that this military commission had no right to try a person kidnapped from a foreign state, where the United States had no right to seize him. Both defendants were found guilty and sentenced to death.

Although there was not much doubt that these men were guilty, a lengthly legal battle commenced over the irregular circumstance of their capture. Eventually, the findings of the military commission were forwarded to the President of the United States for his confirmation. On 29 August 1865, President Andrew Johnson confirmed the sentences; the condemned Sioux were informed of this on 25 September. An appeal was then made to the President, largely on the irregular manner of their capture, but was denied. Little Six and Medicine Bottle died with courage on a gallows at Fort Snelling where a large crowd estimated at 10,000 to 15,000 watched the elaborate military-style execution.

While most contemporary Minnesotans were well content with these executions, some thoughtful individuals retained grave doubts about the military tribunals which had passed the sentences of execution. Their views were well summed up by a local newspaper editor who wrote:

"We do not believe that serious injustice will be done by the execution tomorrow, but it would have been more creditable if some tangible evidence of their guilt had been obtained. . . . The evidence consists almost wholly of their own vapid boastings among their bands . . . no white man, tried before a jury of his peers, would be executed upon the testimony thus produced. . . . A government which is daily pardoning educated murderers should not deny a fair trial, even to guilty Indians." ◆



Sioux encampment.

NORTHERN BOOKS

A DICTIONARY OF CANADIANISMS on Historical Principles

Produced by Lexicographical Centre for Canadian English, University of Victoria, B.C. Gage, Toronto, 1967. 927 pages. $25.00

Reviewed by Wilfrid Eggleston

Explorers and settlers in new lands bring along with them serviceable vocabularies based on their native traditions, and these at first satisfy all the ordinary needs of communication. But from the outset they encounter new phenomena to which they attach names or borrow names from the aborigines; they begin to create a history of their own which demands unique symbols and referents. It is not long before a glossary is needed to supplement the dictionaries they inherited from the mother countries, and in time an extensive vocabulary develops as part of the oral tradition of the new land, not yet to be found in any works of reference. In due course it becomes impossible for either settlers or strangers to get the full benefit from current speech or writings without access to a source book of expressions peculiar to the new land. These observations are so fundamental that it is suprising that Canada had to wait until Centennial Year for a comprehensive Dictionary of Canadianisms. Then, thanks to the devoted labours of a small group of specialists, and the financial support of the Canada Council and other sources, the long-term need was handsomely filled at last with a scholarly work of over 900 pages.

A thousand illuminating foot-notes on Canadian history are scattered through the pages of this work, which will provide future students of Canada with an invaluable handbook of reference. Now that the spade work has been done it will be obvious that the opus will have to be kept up-to-date in the years ahead, as new Canadian history is made and as the necessary language to report the new events comes to be coined.

A Dictionary is not the easiest book in the world to review: this one especially so, since there are interesting items on almost every page. I would guess that there are at least 15,000 entries in the work, and at least a million words. What makes the book doubly valuable is that it draws copiously from the literature of the country, quotes actual usage of words over the years, supplies historical notes on the more important names. Careful analysis would show that the book comprises certain large categories as well as numerous subcategories. There are for example the distinctive proper names in Canada which have given rise to such phrases as York Boats (after York Factory), Hudson Bay (or Labrador) tea, brewed from evergreen shrubs of those regions, Parliament Hill and the Green Chamber, the Stanley Cup and the Bonhomme Carnaval. There are the words borrowed from the Indians and Eskimos, such as mukluk, potlatch, or kinnikinik, there are the distinctively Canadian activities preserved in Stampede, chuckwagon race, poke-check and so on; the homesteader's Bible, the Mackinaw coat, the Hudson's Bay cap, the correction line, the names of political parties, Bleu, Grit, the CCF, the Ginger Group (which was borrowed from Westminster by a Canadian journalist, John Stevenson).

On some entries the Dictionary serves also as a minor Encyclopedia. For example, the discussion of potlatch is detailed and occupies (with related words) more than two pages, adding up to a series of short essays totalling nearly 3,000 words. Scores of quotations from Canadian and American authors, ancient and modern, provide almost endless shades of meaning and connotation about this important sociological custom and ritual.

Canada is such a diverse region, peopled by so many ethnic origins, engaged in such a variety of occupations, that it was a most formidable undertaking to assemble the distinctive and unique language of a whole sub-continent. It took years to compile and it will take years to appreciate. There are some few omissions, and the editors have thoughtfully provided several blank pages at the end for reader's notes. When I was young I was keenly interested in the localisms of the semi-arid short-grass country, the High Plains of southern Alberta and Saskatchewan. I tested a list of such localisms against the new Dictionary, and to my pleasure I found most of them there. (Two or three of the missing ones were Americanisms brought up by the homesteaders from across the line.) For every Canadian who cares about his country and his literature this is a boon, whether he enjoys it personally or benefits indirectly from its existence and use by his editors and authors from now on. It seems to be unfashionable these days to praise without stint a new literary appearance, but this is a work which deserves unqualified endorsation and gratitude.

Professor Eggleston, whose latest book "While I Still Remember" was published last year, headed the first department of journalism in a Canadian university, at Carleton, for many years.

THE TAMING OF THE CANADIAN WEST

By Frank Rasky. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 1967. 271 pages, illus. $14.95

Reviewed by Chris Vickers

This is an impressive and lavishly illustrated book. It is also a disturbing book; disturbing for what it contains and disturbing for what has been omitted. The author and publisher have combined efforts to give the story of the West a "Hollywood" touch; they succeeded, distorting the truth in the process.

You will find a typical example of Mr Rasky's history on page 201 where he describes how the Métis stopped the surveyors in the St Vital area of Manitoba. The trouble with his glowing prose is that it is not historically accurate. Colonel J. S. Dennis was not present; the survey party was in charge of one of his assistants, A. C. Webb, and Riel and his men were not armed. Finally ". . . André Nault, a white-bearded Métis" was not a Métis but a French Canadian, without a drop of Indian blood in his veins.

When you read this book you will wonder why a vivid description of an Indian massacre at Fort Michilimackinac by the Elder Henry got into a western history, when Henry Kelsey is not mentioned, and La Vérendrye and his sons are dismissed in half a paragraph. There was room for a chapter on Samuel Hearne of Arctic fame, but no mention of the scientific explorers, Hind and Palliser, of the boundary survey or the great land survey that preceded settlement.

Surely this was part of the taming of the west.

The coloured illustrations are excellent, but why load a Canadian book with American paintings. Seth Eastman, Karl Bodmer, George Catlin and Frederic Remington never painted north of the border. And why was some of the fine art of the Pacific Coast Indians not illustrated? A few more paintings by Paul Kane and Peter Rindisbacher would have given this volume a Canadian flavour.

The history of the Canadian west is a long story of courage, with some lawlessness, but not as sensational as Mr Rasky presents it. He is unfair to the Indian, the fur trader, the explorer, and he is really deceiving his readers. This is the type of history book that should never reach the shelves of school and regional libraries in Canada.

Spare-time archaeologist and student of Indian history of the West, Chris Vickers was formerly country editor of the Winnipeg Free Press.

INDIAN CULTURE AND EUROPEAN TRADE GOODS

By George Irving Quimby. University of Wisconsin Press, Madison, 1966. 214 pages, illus. bibliog., index. $5.00

Reviewed by Kenneth E. Kidd

The author of this monograph, for many years curator of North American Archaeology at the Chicago Museum of Natural History, published in 1960 a book entitled *Indian Life in the Upper Lakes* 11,000 B.C. to A.D. 1800, covering the prehistory and early history of the area around Lakes Superior, Michigan, and Huron. He has devoted a great deal of study to this area, and the present volume forms a sequel to the earlier one by rounding out the story down to recent times.

Indian Culture and European Trade Goods is, as the author observes "a collection of essays which were written separately, over a period of six years or more, but which in combination here make up an anthropologically oriented history of Indian culture from the beginning of the seventeenth century through the first quarter of the nineteenth." It begins with a résumé of the prehistory of the region and covers such a diversity of chapters as an account of LaSalle's *The Griffin* and its adventures, chronology from glass beads, and chronology from miscellaneous objects of trade.

In this book Quimby has established a useful framework for the archaeology and ethnology of the Great Lakes area for the historic period which is likely to endure, but which may, of course, be modified in minor details to suit emerging evidence. The chapters dealing with the Early, Middle, and Late Historic periods present helpful descriptions of the types of materials—chiefly trade goods—which characterize each, and they will undoubtedly be welcomed by students new to the area or to this kind of research. Quimby also presents in each chapter a summary of work at some typical site for each period: Cahiagué in Huronia to the east and the Madeline Islands to the west for the Early Historic period, for example, and the Bell site, a Fox village in Wisconsin, for the Middle Historic period. Line drawings graphically supplement the textual descriptions, illustrating not only artifacts but, in a few cases, village scenes.

The chapter on archaeology and ethnology of a Chippewa family is based on the experiences of Alexander Henry the elder, who was captured and spent the years 1763-64 with a Chippewa family in Michigan, which Henry himself described in his book, *Travels and Adventures in Canada*, published in 1809. Quimby has made a most graphic use of this record to illustrate the way of life of an Indian family at that time and place and the archaeological consequences of it. For instance, the amounts and kinds of meat, maple sugar, and other foodstuffs used by this family are estimated, and from these estimates are deduced the nature, quantity, and distribution of material evidence these could be expected to leave (e.g., bone refuse) at the campsites. Furthermore, the campsites were of different sorts, depending upon the season when occupied. The remains found on a summer camp would differ from those found on a winter camp—a most important point in interpreting evidence. Quimby has admirably demonstrated here the inestimable value of a reliable ethnohistorical document in interpreting archaeological evidence and the perceptive reader will be quick to note the pitfalls from which such evidence can save him.

The appendix on "Makers of Trade Silver and Their Marks" will be useful to all archaeologists who have to identify this class of artifacts, but the work on glass beads will probably be less useful because a rigid typology is needed for this category of trade goods. The book will not only be valuable to workers in its area of specialization, but it will also be a useful guideline for students in other areas as well. It will stand as a landmark in North American historical archaeology.

Professor Kidd is Chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Trent University. This review is reprinted, slightly condensed, by kind permission of "American Antiquity."

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
Laying the Foundations 1849-1899

By Barbara J. Lowther. Prepared under the auspices of the Social Sciences Research Centre and published by the University of Victoria, B.C., 1968. 328 pages. $18.50.

Reviewed by Flora Hamilton Burns

Stupendous!

This beautifully bound and printed Bibliography embraces all aspects of British Columbia, and while primarily intended for students, it is a gold mine for historians as it discloses many sources which may be new to them. It delights the eye and incites the mind to pursue its wealth of historical gold.

The editor spent the first fourteen months at the British Columbia Archives, searching 34,000 publications, including the extensive holdings relating to California, Oregon, Washington and Alaska. She then visited the Ottawa libraries to consult some 25,000 additional entries, as well as examining relevant material in other libraries in British Columbia and the Northwestern States.

These colossal labours have resulted in one of the most important and impressive contributions to bibliographical research that has yet issued from a Canadian publisher. Much more material was discovered than originally anticipated and the Bibliography will now be presented in three volumes. The two yet to appear will cover (a) the early discoveries to 1848 and (b) publications 1900-64.

The biographical notes are a special feature of the comprehensive Index which leads to the thousands of skilfully annotated entries. The enormous lists of Government publications—British, Canadian, British Columbian, American, and others—have been converted to ready use by title entry.

The attractive presentation with its handsome binding, delightful endpapers, clear print and wide margins undoubtedly adds stimulating qualities to the Bibliography and makes for easy reading. The superlative work of the Evergreen Press, Vancouver, shows that they have the equipment, knowledge and ability to produce publications which can vie with the finest efforts of long established firms of international repute.

This volume provides historians with an astonishing revelation of the foresight of British public opinion in the 1840s which even then envisaged the prime need for a trans-Canada railway to link Great Britain to Asia, by-passing Europe and the long haul round Africa. It also shows their preoccupation with the problems of the colonization and development of Canada.

The University of Victoria is to be congratulated for sponsoring this important Canadian document at the present turning point in our history when Canada's unity as one nation from ocean to ocean is constantly occupying the public mind.

Freelance writer and broadcaster, Miss Burns has for many years made a study of west coast history.

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PEOPLE OF THE NOATAK

By Claire Fejes. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, 1966. 368 pages, illus. U.S. $6.95

Reviewed by Thomas C. Correll

The Arctic and the Eskimos continue to hold a special place in the interest inventory of a great number of people. *People of the Noatak* is another in what appears to be an unending series of informal accounts by occasional residents in the north concerning their experiences with Eskimo peoples. This book takes as its scene an exciting area of Northwest Alaska; the dramatis personae are the Inupiat from Seward Peninsula to Point Hope; the plot emerges through the penman's descriptions of villages, families and persons which she came to know.

Claire Fejes is an artist. Her arm and pallet have been busy over the years depicting the life situations of Eskimos. She has had genuine success in this work. It cannot be surprising then that her book carries forward a penchant for portrayal. She is not and does not claim to be a social scientist. She nevertheless is concerned with behaviour and experience; we are directed to the domain of the sensuous. There must be something of the phenomenologist in the Fejes soul. She has attempted to capture and render readable the Inuupiaqtut perception of sights and smells and sounds, the meaning of a smile.

The book is divided into thirty-one chapters which are in turn presented in five main sections. The latter reflect, in large part, a series of trips to the areas of Kotzebue, Noatak and Point Hope. Other camps and villages are described in lesser detail. For the greater part the book deals with the modern situation; it is not addressed to the unacculturated traditional period in any special way.

The reader is introduced to a number of Eskimo men and women who are the principal characters. Through the recollections of the author, the homes, families, struggles and joys of these characters are described. Graphic depictions of dwellings, hunting trips, personal conflicts, and the topography—complete with a grand effort to capture in words the fragrances and odours, the hues and opaques—are present in the volume.

It is strange, however, that an artist does not pursue a better knowledge of the language of The People. Wouldn't it be expected to contribute notably to an interpretation of their life-ways in art? In her own words, the author accepts the responsibility to so prepare herself: "If the Eskimo was at the primal source, the heart of nature, I as an artist should experience this essence in order to paint it" (page 128). What an admirable stance! But we must question whether or not several relatively brief trips to a few Eskimo villages can suffice to provide the "experience" required, particularly when it does not yield an intimate knowledge of the language. It surely is praiseworthy that Mrs Fejes has not attempted her work from the comfort of a Fairbanks armchair. Nevertheless, we are perhaps justified in asking whether an artist who has purposed to capture the ethos of a people can succeed without learning the cultural code.

I am concerned with such statements as: "It is interesting to note that the Eskimo language lacks words for general or abstract ideas. Missionaries had a hard time finding the Eskimo equivalent for God. The mysterious force that played so great a part in Eskimo fate was called 'Sila'. Sila was a mighty spirit with many meanings; it meant the universe, or wisdom, or the weather, snow, rain, the fury of the sea, all forces of nature. As far as I could determine in talking to the older people, Sila meant a greater force in the beyond" (page 105). Surely there is a contradiction in this passage! *Sila* is a strong example of abstraction.

When Claire Fejes cannot use her knowledge of Inuupik as the means for her interpretations, to what indigenous form does she turn? Apparently, her intuition becomes Interpreter. We read: ". . . I learned to read their eyes when their lips were still" (page 112). And again, "I longed to possess the inner knowledge I had seen in the old Eskimo faces. The old people intrigued me but language was a barrier in getting to know them. Their eyes spoke much but that wasn't enough." (page 184)

In conclusion, the book is enjoyable and informative. It ought to be read by specialists and generalists alike. The images are forceful. But caution is in order. Too frequently our conclusions regarding a culture are the product of a single presentation. I fear that were our knowledge of the North Alaskans dependent upon the presentations of Claire Fejes, the understanding would be, at least in part, non-Eskimo.

Thomas Correll, lecturer in anthropology at the University of Manitoba, has spent considerable time living among Eskimos in Alaska and the Canadian Arctic and is one of the comparatively few non-Eskimos who speak their language fluently.

ERRATA

In the Autumn 1968 issue, John Millar, the agriculturist at Fort Ellice, is incorrectly referred to on p. 34 as Henry Millar. On p. 29 the *Lady Head*, wrecked in 1903, is a barque not a schooner.

HE "ENDURED GREAT HARDSHIPS IN TRAVELING TO MAKE PEACE AMONGST THE NORTHERN INDIANS."

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